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The Young Idea



Miss Bader stood up, clutching her coat. "This," she told Suzie, "is the flapper's twitch."

Suzie had an idea that things were different when Mother was a girl, especially such problems as the Far Hills dance

By GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

THAT, thought Suzie Mackellar bitterly as she turned into her summer-decked yard, was a parent for you every time. Tease you, taunt you, and propose unthinkable schemes for you at breakfast; and then sit under the apple tree at sunset, cool as cucumbers, and wave affably at you. Really, parents were the darnedest! Suzie waved back as pleasantly as she could, for Mom had pretty definite ideas about people who were sulky, and marched into the house.

Suzie flung her tennis racquet

on the bed and peered out her window at Mom and Pops sitting so comfortably under the gentle, silver-green leaves of the old tree. Mom, with her almost uncanny second sight, called, "Put your tennis racquet in the press, Suzie."

"Okay, okay," Suzie shouted.

"Hey, up there." Pops suddenly stirred to activity. "Don't yip at your mother that way."

"I'm sorry."

And suddenly she was. Mom and Pops were all right, and if the Far Hills Club's midsummer dance hadn't been formal

and so important, she probably wouldn't have got so worked up at breakfast. After all, Suzie decided as she slicked up her hair, Mom and Pops were pretty old by now. Besides, Mom had never had a problem like hers. She'd always had Pops. And those square dances they most likely did when Mom and Pops were young—it didn't make any difference if a girl didn't have a man to take her to the dance.

And that, in a nutshell, was Suzie Mackellar's main problem. She had the dance—the Far Hills midsummer formal—she had her parents' permission to go, she had the promise of a new dress. But she didn't have a man. To make matters worse, she'd had a fight with her family about not having a man. Pops had started it at breakfast when he glanced up from his paper and said innocently, "I see here that Stein's is showing the latest thing in summer formals. I seem to recall promising that the bank roll was good for one summer formal for Miss Suzie Mackellar."

Before Suzie could open her mouth to explain in a dignified way that she'd decided not to go to the Far Hills dance, Charlie had announced with brotherly frankness, "She doesn't need a formal. Nobody asked her to the dance. Can I have the money, Pops, for a good fishing rod?"

"You may not." Mom was firm. "Why, Suzie, I thought you said Larry Rigel..."

"Yah! Larry invited Clare Adams." Charlie was a regular little gossip columnist.

Then Pops picked this particular moment to be humorous. "That's pretty bad, Suzie, letting your best girl-friend swipe your best beau."

"Larry Rigel isn't my best beau—boy-friend," Suzie announced indignantly.

"But she wishes he was," Charlie countered.

"Tsk, tsk." Pops shook his head waggishly. "The eternal triangle."

While Suzie struggled with tears of anger, Mom said complacently, "Charlie will take you, dear."

Charlie! Her brother! Two years younger and a half a head shorter!

"Oh, Mom!" The same cry of anguish came from two throats.

"That will do," Mom said. "Charlie will take Suzie to the dance. Suzie wants to go, and brothers must help their sisters."

"Mom!" wailed Charlie.

"Charlie!" Pops rumbled warningly.

And nobody at all thought of Suzie.

Suzie had tried and tried to explain to Mom, but Mom had been just plain dense about the

whole business. Somehow or other, she got it into her head that Suzie was criticizing, and after lunch she said sharply, "Now, see here, Suzie! Your father and I are trying to give you a happy time. We're willing to spend whatever is necessary to get you a pretty dress. And Charlie is a very nice boy. I can't see what you're being so unreasonable about."

"Oh, Mother!" Suzie flung out of the house to the tennis court, where she had a thoroughly miserable afternoon.

Well, Suzie reflected, she would probably get through the dance next Saturday, but Pops might as well give the formal money to Charlie. Since she had to go with her kid brother, she wouldn't care if she wore a flour sack. With that sad thought, Suzie went down to the kitchen to help with supper.

"I thought we'd eat out on the

terrace," Mom said. "It's such a grand evening. But don't set a place for Charlie. He's eating with the Mathers."

Suzie tried to perk up during supper. It was not, after all, her parents' fault that they were so out of touch with life. She nodded brightly while Pops held forth on his favorite subject of roses. In spite of her best efforts, Pops noticed the gloom that gathered in the corners of Suzie's eyes.

"What's the trouble, Suze? Finances?" Pops looked at Mom for the go-ahead signal and apparently got it, for he said, "It's tough to get the budget adjusted to the summer season. How about an extra dollar?"

Before Suzie could thank him, Clare Adams came around the corner of the terrace.

"Knew you'd be out here. May Suzie take in the movies?"

"I don't see why not," Mom laughed. "She's just had her budget repaired by her father."

"Scoot along," Pops advised. "I'll help with the dishes. And, Suzie, your old pappy would admire to have you home at a sensible hour. Say, one tour at the movies and a reasonable number of Cokes?"

Suzie smiled agreement, and she and Clare cut across the
(Continued on page 53)

Mom and Pops got along splendidly until Charlie came home. "What's the matter with 'em?" he demanded from the doorway.



Junior Star



She wept her way to the top in the movies, but actually Peggy Ann Garner is pretty happy. She should smile—and she does

By LAURA O. VRUWINK

BECAUSE Peggy Ann Garner, *CALLING ALL GIRLS'* new Junior Advisory Editor, looks very much like the girls you know, and acts—well, you don't think of her as acting at all when you see her on the screen—you may wonder why she's been singled out by Hollywood for a place among the stars. Oh, but hold on! Hollywood didn't decide that. All the people—and probably you were one of them—who took such a fancy to her in "Jane Eyre" decided that she'd play Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." It was you who made her a star—and of course Hollywood, and Peggy Ann herself gave you lots of cooperation.

Peggy Ann was only four when she made her first hit with the public. It didn't seem important at the time. The "public" was just a stranger who mistook her for a photographer's model. Well, she wasn't one then, but the idea was pretty intriguing, and before

long, Peggy Ann was registered with the famous John Robert Powers in New York City. The modeling led to other things, dancing school, dramatic school, and eventually to Hollywood.

We always associate glamorous beauty with these famous models, and yet when we read about this thirteen-year-old movie actress she is always mentioned as "plain." Before I met Peggy Ann, I had seen her only on the screen, in the just-ready-to-break-into-tears parts she does so well. I expected to meet a very serious person. Instead I met a radiant, laughing girl wearing a gay cotton dress, her hair in braids on top of her head with a perky red bow aloft. And pretty, too, with hazel eyes, blond but not gold hair, and flashing, even teeth.

This summer she is seen in two new pictures—"Nob Hill" and the sparkling comedy "Junior Miss," which is quite a contrast to "A Tree Grows in

(Continued on page 50)



Above, Peggy Ann as Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," the role in which she made her biggest hit to date; at the right, in one of her latest pictures, "Nob Hill."



Take a Cue

By Maxine Livingston
Authority on Decorating

IF you have been searching for a decorating idea that will make your room the most heavenly spot on earth, behold these two pages! They are just brimming over with ideas and, best of all, the rooms illustrated were planned especially for the teen-age crowd. Two of the rooms were even designed by teen-agers.

So take your cue from these designers. Many of their ideas will help you to develop a decorating scheme that will fulfill



Top—Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, chose white chintz with strawberry pattern to dominate the decorations in this room.

Center—Fabrics with stars and stripes give an interesting and patriotic effect in Dirk Gringhuis' room designed for two girls.

Bottom left—Mittie Jones, a student of architecture and allied arts, suggested this attractive space-saving bedroom for twins.

Below—This combination bedroom-study was designed by the decorating staff of James McCreary & Company, New York City.

Right—For designing this room, Constance Skohill, 14½ years old and a student at the Julia Richman High School in New York City, won first prize in a home planning competition co-sponsored by the Board of Education and the Furniture Stores Guild. Constance showed much ingenuity in the way she utilized space and designed the snappy window seat and built-in shelves.



from the DECORATORS

your needs, and will express your personality as well. Remember, too, that one good idea is worth a roomful of new furnishings and, once your scheme is planned, you can gradually add new curtains, a new desk, another bookcase, or other furnishings as the family budget and exchequer permit.

There's a special cue in the room decorated by Marshall Field & Company. A luscious strawberry-patterned white chintz was used to unify the furnishings. So—if your present room seems nondescript or characterless, look for the gay-

est and prettiest fabric, and use it to make bedspreads, curtains, and dressing table skirt. If the fabric is strong, make a slip-cover for your comfy chair and upholster your dressing table bench with it. It is better to buy at one time all the fabric you will need—otherwise you may find that it is not available when you try to buy more.

If you follow the suggestions of Dirk Gringhuis, you and your big or little sister will each have a dressing table of your own and ample space for your possessions. That should eliminate most of your squab-

bles, shouldn't it? Even though you can't carry out all the ideas, adopting even one ought to take your room out of the doldrums.

Mittie Jones' room and the one decorated by McCreery's will be particularly appealing if you are the tailored type, and one who likes to entertain the crowd in her own room.

The 1944 Interior Decoration Contest in which Constance Skahill won first prize was planned to develop among high school freshmen a keen appreciation of design and color. Constance chose blue, showing much originality in her scheme.



SEND for your choice of these practical leaflets. Check the ones you want—and send 5c for each. Address CALLING ALL GIRLS Decorating Editor, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Muff stopped short. "It's moving right now! Let's not go any farther, Rusty."



Mystery of the LOST VILLAGE

THE STORY UP TO NOW

On her way to Arizona to join her father and brother, who had spent the winter at the Lazy-K Ranch, RUSTY JERROLD discovered a plot to steal the Ark, the old car she was bringing to its owner, Mrs. Fundy, another guest at the ranch. Involved in the plot were

BOB CLAYTON, the young man who drove the car, and a husky-voiced stranger who appeared on the canyon trail. Thanks to Rusty and

NICK JERROLD, her young brother, the plot failed. At the ranch, they found their father and Mrs. Fundy away.

CY JERROLD, their older brother, disclosed that strange things had happened at the cave where he was hoping to uncover a buried Indian village, which Dr. Fundy, an archeologist, had lost his life trying to find four years earlier. Bob Clayton disappeared, and Rusty asked

TOBY WHITMAN, son of the owner of the ranch, to lock the Ark away. That night she was mysteriously called from her room, and returned to find the keys gone. She reached the garage too late to prevent the car being driven away. The next day Rusty learned that the stranger who had stopped them on the trail was

JOHN REVERE, a Hopi Indian who managed the ranch. Rusty, Nick, Toby, and MUFF WHITMAN, Toby's small sister, rode with Cy to visit the cave. They found smoke pouring from it, and saw an old Hopi, Nakwatiwa, on the mesa. He warned them of evil spirits in the cave. Cy dashed in, and found the dirt replaced, and a dead snake and fox's skull on top.

MASI, Nakwatiwa's grandson snatched up the skull and snake and rode away. Now go on with Chapter IV.

MASI'S strange behavior aroused much argument while the boys reopened the dig and later, while they all sat on the ledge, enjoy-

Echoing footsteps lured Rusty through a door in the cabin and beyond, to a startling discovery

By ANNETTE TURNGREN
Author of "Mystery Rides the River"

ing the generous lunch Muff had packed in the saddlebags.

"That Indian symbol meant something to Masi," Cy said, as he shared a doughnut with Crinkles. "I wish Nakwatiwa had hung around. He'd be able to interpret it for us."

Toby chuckled. "Don't need an interpreter, I reckon. 'Get out and stay out' is a fair guess. But we can ask John Revere. He belongs to Masi's clan," Toby explained to Rusty, "only he's not very welcome there any more, at least among the older members. With the young Hopis, it's a little different."

"I don't think the sign scared Masi," Rusty volunteered. "He looked just plain disgusted."

"It'd take a lot more than that to scare Masi," Cy said. "He's too intelligent."

"Well, it scared me," said Nick, grinning. "Don't know if

I'll be able to dig after lunch. I may have to take a nap."

The lure of the dig was too much for Nick, however, and he postponed his nap hour after hour, kneeling hopefully beside the excavation at intervals to sift the dirt for potsherds. Muff finally wearied of watching.

"Come on, Rusty," she said. "It's getting late. If we're going to explore the cabin or anything, we'd better start."

Since Crink was pretending that he was unearthing a bone, the girls set off alone. They climbed up the rocks until they stood with their backs to the canyon and could look ahead over the barren waste that stretched far into the afternoon sun. There seemed to be no life at all on the mesa, no movement. In the midst of a brush thicket stood Dr. Fundy's de-

serted cabin. As the girls walked toward it, Muff chattered away at great length about the professor and his peculiarities.

"Of course, I don't remember him much," she said, "but even though I was only seven, I had a terrific crush on Mr. Crombie, his assistant. He stayed at the ranch, but the professor only came over once in a while. It was all such a big secret. Even the accident, no one would talk about it!"

"Muff!" said Rusty suddenly. "Did you see something move up there in the brush?"

Muff stopped short. "Yes, I did," she said slowly. "It—it's moving right now. Someone skulking again. Let's not go any farther, Rusty."

But Rusty, her eyes narrowed, had caught a glimpse of something bright in the bushes near the cabin, and she meant to find out what it was.

"There he goes—inside the cabin!" Muff whispered, grabbing Rusty's arm. "Do you suppose Nakwatiwa was right? Do you suppose it's a—a spirit?"

"Nonsense!" said Rusty, moving closer to the shining object. "Muff, it is the Ark!" she cried, as a sudden break in the brush revealed the old car. Rusty turned to her small companion with a triumphant smile. "It's Mrs. Fundy's car! Look, Muff, this time we aren't going to lose it! I'll stay here on guard, and you run back to the cave and get the boys."

"What if—if the spirit comes out of the cabin?" Muff stammered.

"It isn't a spirit, darling! I know who it is, and he's not going to get the car again! Is that the only door to the cabin?" Muff nodded. "Well, then, I'll keep one eye on the door and one on the car. You scam!"

Muff scampered. Rusty could hear her running back over the trail as fast as her legs would carry her. Edging nearer, crouching low behind the brush until she was almost beside the car, Rusty raised her head cautiously. The keys were there! Now if only the boys would hurry! Somewhere to her left

there was a rustle in the underbrush, and Rusty's heart jumped into her throat. She parted the bushes soundlessly and peered through. A gray and shaggy burro stared back at her, let out a fearful bray, and went on nibbling at the leaves. Choking with frightened laughter, Rusty sank back on her heels.

It seemed as if ages had passed before Toby spoke cautiously from the other side of the brush.

"You there, Rusty?"

Rusty bobbed her head up, a finger on her lips. Cy and Muff were with Toby. Rusty joined them, asking, "Where's Nick?"

"Asleep on the ledge," said Cy dryly. "Crink stayed behind, too. Is the ghost still in the cabin?"

"Must be," Rusty nodded. "And the keys are in the car. What should we do—drive it away or . . ."

"And leave the chap stranded out here?" Toby asked quickly. His eyes met Rusty's. "Leave it to me. I'll go in and talk to him."

"I'll go with you," Rusty said, coloring. "I know what you're up to, Toby Whitman! Well, this time I'm not going to be talked out of it! He's no right

"Look! It's Nick!" Rusty grabbed Toby's arm. "But what's the matter with him?"



to this car! It's Mrs. Fundy's!"

Toby started to say something, thought better of it, and turned away with a shrug.

"Muff and I'll watch the car," said Cy, his eyes twinkling. "At least we don't fight—much. Do we, Muff?"

Rusty tried to match her steps to Toby's long stride.



"I'm only trying to do what's right, Toby," she said earnestly. "Mrs. Fundy trusted me to bring that car to her. I don't see how you can be so stubborn..."

"All right, all right," Toby answered. "Maybe there are other people in this world besides Mrs. Fundy who need someone to root for them."

"They don't need to steal her car!" said Rusty furiously.

"Oh, don't they!" Toby retorted. "Let me tell you something. I don't know why this fellow you call Bob Clayton needs that car, but that's his affair. And I reckon he'll..."

He broke off. They had reached the door of the cabin, and Toby tapped, listened, then turned the knob and entered, Rusty at his heels. There was no one in the outer room, but Rusty thought she heard a movement in the back part of the cabin. Racing ahead of Toby, she came to a halt on the threshold. Nobody there. Only—only that hanging back of the big leather chair in the corner swayed a little, as if someone had brushed by it in flight. Toby joined her.

"Must have been a ghost after all," he said in a relieved tone. "Muff says it was."

Rusty didn't answer. Her eyes moved from the chair to the battered brown sofa, the old desk covered with dust, the little smoking stand. No place where one could hide. And the windows looked as if they hadn't been opened for ages. The hanging was steady now. Rusty stepped toward it suddenly, and pulled it to one side. Behind it was a door. She nodded to Toby.

"He's in there," she said in a low voice.

And all at once, she didn't want to go on with the chase. She remembered how Bob had taught her to drive on the prairie stretches, how he'd stopped for ice cream and Cokes whenever he thought Nick or she or even Crink looked hot or thirsty. Last night she had

been frightened and bewildered; and afterward when Bob had played a trick on her to get the keys, it had seemed exciting to outwit him and get the car back. Well, they had him now. But she didn't want to open the door.

"We're going to have it out with him right now!" Toby said, and opened the door. A narrow stair led down to a darkened cellar, and though they could hear steps somewhere below, they could see no one. "Come on," said Toby.

Rusty followed slowly. The cellar was dark, with a damp, earthy smell. Toby flashed his tiny torch on the sandstone walls. Ahead of them somewhere, the footsteps grew fainter, and suddenly it dawned on Rusty that the cellar was unusually long and narrow, like a passageway tunneled through the earth.

"Toby," she whispered. "I don't think this cellar ever is going to end!"



As she stared at it, too frightened to move, the shadow glided slowly forward.

"I don't think it is a cellar," Toby whispered back. "Looks like a cave to me."

"A cave! Under the cabin?"

"We're way past the cabin's boundaries now. It's a cave, all right. Next thing is, does it have another opening except

the door in the cabin?"

"Suppose—suppose it isn't Bob?" Rusty said in a low voice. "We didn't see him. We'd be kind of—of reckless going after someone who..."

Toby stopped and looked down at her. "What's the matter? Getting cold feet?"

Rusty's chin quivered. "I don't know," she said. "I—I guess we'd better go on. Mrs. Fundy wants her car, that's all I know."

When, after a number of twists and turns, the cave began to widen and gradually grew lighter, Toby snapped off his torch and turned to Rusty with a look suspiciously like triumph on his face.

"There is another opening, and he's got out through it. We'd better go back to the cabin."

"First let's see where the cave comes out," Rusty said, not quite sure whether she was relieved or sorry that Bob had escaped.

The cave opened into a labyrinth of ruined walls and passages. Always Rusty had the feeling that someone else was there, behind that wall, just around that low archway, listening and moving away soundlessly as they came nearer. At last, following the light that sifted in from somewhere, Rusty and Toby climbed through an arch and stepped out on a narrow shelf of rock hidden from the canyon below by a group of huge boulders.

"Out at last! Do you suppose it's miles from the dig?" Rusty asked, climbing up on one of the rocks to peer over into the canyon.

"It's almost directly above it, I think!" Toby cried excitedly. "And we never guessed there was a much larger cave up here behind these tremendous boulders! But Dr. Fundy knew. This must be the real cave, Rusty!" He leaned over the rock parapet beside her. "Look! There's the ledge we ate our

(Continued on page 48)



Half swing, half sweet—that's how Tommy Dorsey and his famous band cut the musical grooves for you

By TOMMY DORSEY

PHONOGRAPH records are the life blood of the current popular band business and because of that I have done everything in my power to make my records as close to perfect as possible.

"I'll Never Smile Again," was a record which boosted our band in the popularity charts. "Boogie Woogie," which sold way up into the millions, was certainly another. "More and More" seems to be doing big things for us. "I Dream of You" and "Opus No. 1" is another coupling which clicked from the first day of release, and a coupling of the two hit songs from Dinah Shore's latest picture, "Sleigh Ride in July" and "Like Someone in Love," is another disc that looks good. Seems you like them, too.

Guess what the Record Raters voted "tops" in the recent poll! You're right, it's "Laura," with "Candy" runner-up and "Bell Bottom Trousers" a close third. All-time favorites, the ones they like best of all they've ever heard are "Star Dust," "Always," and "Candy." Favorite orchestras? It's Harry James in the lead, with Tommy Dorsey next. And the voice they pick is Bing's!

More than half of them go for both popular and classical recordings, though many of the Record Raters say they just listen to popular stuff.

That's the vote among members of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Fair, Official Headquarters Store in Chicago, who served as this month's Record Raters. Do you see eye to eye? Maybe not. Would you like to be a Record Rater? Then get in touch with the CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Store nearest you. (See list on page 58.)

Our records present the band with as much variety as possible to please many tastes. I always try to cut half swing and half sweet on a session. In a swing side we accent the rhythm, brass, and saxophones, leaving the strings only for color. Sweet records mean presenting the singers properly to handle the vocals. That, in turn, means accenting the strings and woodwinds and keeping the brass in mutes and the rhythm quiet and subtle. Phrasing on sweet records is all-important. I phrase my trombone solos as I would a voice, and the kids who sing with the band follow my lead in their phrasing. It makes for uniformity and a better record that way.

I don't like to mention it, but you might listen to some of our competitors, too, and see if they don't strive for the same thing. You'll find that most of the bands do a pretty conscientious and tasteful job in getting into the record grooves!



Do you want to improve each shining summer hour and earn a bit of money besides? Here are some practical ideas to help you find the right job by DOROTHY WALTON BINDER



A SUMMER JOB

WANT a job? Want to work when the spirit—or your empty purse—moves you? Or are you visited with visions of seriously punching time clocks and getting a weekly check—with time-and-a-half for overtime? Well, either way, you have a chance this summer to work and earn.

Never before in modern history have there been so many tasks crying out to be done. So if you want a job, here's your chance to show the world that American girls as well as Russian and English girls can do good work at many jobs, even those that have ordinarily been considered boys' work.

But what can you do? You're not skilled at anything? You're too young for the jobs listed in the "Help Wanted" columns?

Well, nobody is born skilled. You have to acquire the knack you need as you go along. And there are literally hundreds of things you can do if you are in

earnest, things that are quite within the provisions of the Child Labor statutes. Lots of them have been mentioned in these pages before, for instance, tutoring, cooking delicacies, washing dogs, running errands, reading to old people, darning stockings, or knitting. Others may never have entered your mind. The suggestions here can start you off to work for victory and for money, too!

Unless you're an out-and-out genius—and few of us are—you're better at certain jobs than others. The first thing to do is to take stock of your talents, what you have done before, what you like best to do; then figure out how you can market your special abilities. If you aren't sure you're good enough at anything, decide on one thing you enjoy doing, and then set out to learn how to do it a little better than the next person.

Probably your best bet for making yourself patriotically useful this summer, as well as making money, is in connection with food production. The government has urged more and more victory gardens because we are going to have to help feed millions and millions of hungry people in Europe for months to come. We may get slightly gaunt ourselves if we don't grow food. At the same



FOR You

time many of the people who grow gardens are the ones most harassed by housework, jobs, or small children. By the time you read this it will be too late to start a garden of your own. But there are still many garden jobs for you. For instance:

(1) Get in touch with people with community plots nearest your home. Find out if you can't hire out by the hour to weed, water, and pick crops. It's guaranteed to pep up languishing appetites and you get a free suntan!

(2) A smart idea is to peddle cold drinks to thirsty gardeners.

(3) Some gardens produce more than the grower can use. Make an offer to sell the surplus to neighbors who have no gardens. A thirteen-year-old did this last summer with her own garden. Three times a week she telephoned a list of neighbors and took orders. Then she gathered the vegetables ordered, and delivered them on her bicycle. Her customers were delighted with the fresh produce, and she made a tidy sum of money and had fun.

(4) When canning time comes you can be the answer to a canner's prayer by washing and sterilizing jars and helping to prepare fruit and vegetables. You and a pal might work as a team. You'll learn while you earn, too—useful when you have your own kitchen.

Besides food production, there are other ways you can do a necessary and profitable job. Five suggestions here should

start you thinking of more:

(1) Window washing. A pair of high school girls I know did a rousing business going from house to house offering to wash windows at so much a window. They carried their own sponges and cloths and ammonia, and among suburban houses they found many they could service as well as a boy could. Even if you aren't allowed to venture higher than the ground floor, you can still give a service that will win the praises of harried housewives.

(2) Mowing lawns. Husky lasses can mow lawns as well as their brothers. How about signing up a list of neighbors for a weekly or bi-weekly lawn-barbering?

(3) Help, help!! The biggest shortage in households is in domestic help. It has hit parents of young children the hardest. In many towns there are groups of high school girls who each summer organize small groups of nursery school children. They work in pairs, collecting six or seven children in a neighborhood each morning and taking them either to a public park or to one of their own back yards. They don't pretend to be professional experts, but they can supervise children and are a boon to busy mothers. And you already know that sitters are in demand.

Washing dishes is another job for you. For pay. If you learn to be systematic about it, you will even find it fun. Busy housekeepers often need such help after a dinner party. You might

even get yourself a waitress' job for luncheons or dinners, which can sometimes be almost as much fun as being a guest.

(4) Typing. Copying recipes, manuscripts, or the minutes of civic organizations can bring the good typist some checks, modest ones, but they mount up.

(5) Paper route. It's not necessarily so that delivering papers is boys' work. Of course, you may have to get up at the crack of dawn to do it, but one girl remarked what fun it was to see the world waking up.

You will probably think of lots of other things you can do. Just remember a few basic rules. Be sincere, be dependable, be courteous, be cheerful. Keep on your toes, and chances are you can boost that job of yours right up into the best-fun-of-the-summer class.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON
Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"



It isn't easy to make up when the boy acts as if you just weren't on earth. But it can be done.

My family is one of the wealthiest in town. In spite of this, most of my girl-friends are from lower class families. I have always tried to treat them as nicely as possible, and until lately we have gotten along wonderfully together. In the past few weeks they have turned their backs on me, and I know it is because they feel I'm too good for them to associate with.—Catherine P., aged 14, West Va.

LIKE thousands of other American girls, Catherine has surely heard the words of the Gettysburg address, "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." In our democracy we do not recognize "upper" and "lower" classes, and Catherine is wise in wanting to choose her friends for what they are—not because they were born into this or that family or "social set." People who believe this is the right attitude must show that they mean it. They must really feel as well as act friendly.

Many people are beginning to realize—as they never did before, perhaps—that the world cannot be a good and decent place until we all learn to accept and respect ourselves and also one another. Now, what does this mean in Catherine's case? Among other things, she can respect herself for trying to be honest, loyal, fair-minded and appreciative of others. She must also learn to understand that no one likes to be always on the receiving end—that is, having favors conferred. We all prefer to give as well as take; and so we must discover how to receive as well as how to bestow graciously. Girls who do
(Continued on page 45)

not-really-worthy-of-our-best-selves moments. The thing that matters is that when we fail, we try to make amends.

Some people find writing little notes easier than talking out their apologies or requests for forgiveness. A few lines, expressing sincere regret for an unfortunate occurrence, often go a long way. We must strive somehow to talk through and work through our human-relations problems, big and small, so that we may really learn to make the most of our own gifts and the gifts of others.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

A boy and I have been going together for a year and I like him very much. A couple of weeks ago I became angry at him. I realized how foolish I was soon after, but we still aren't speaking. I don't know what to do. I want to make up with him and I don't know how.—Roslyn S., aged 15, New York.

IT would be "false pride" to think one never makes a single mistake or possesses any faults. Roslyn has the good sense to face the fact that on the occasion she mentions she did not do the wise or right thing. She seems to want very much to take the next step—that is, to do something sensible about it. We can well understand her hesitancy. Few of us really like to do things somewhat unpleasant to ourselves. It is so much easier to run away from a problem or make believe there isn't any in the first place! Roslyn's way is much better. She recognizes her difficulty and is trying to think through what's best to do.

Between real pals there should be frankness and honesty rather than pretense of perfection on either side. The simple, direct way is often the easiest. In her usual, natural, courteous way, Roslyn could say to her friend, "I'm sorry. I should have done so and so." A friendly approach usually brings forth a friendly response. Being angry and not speaking solve no problems and may create ill feeling. We do have moments of annoyance or disappointment, but if we don't try to understand our feelings and act in sensible ways, we ourselves suffer unduly and we cause others to be unhappy as well. Most of us sometimes have

4 kinds of Love



and what to do about them...



2) If it's smotherly love:

... If your family still thinks you wear bibs—show 'em who's grown-up! Shoulder your own dish mop after the crowd raids your pantry. Dishes are a cinch with mild, sudsy Swan! And how it "babies" hands!



4) If it's love that must last:

... You're sold on this Swanderful pure, floating soap—but remember! Uncle Sam says "Don't waste soap—it's made from vital war materials!" Love your baby-mild Swan—but make it last!



1) If it's real love:

... If the jut of his cheek makes your heart jump (but the look of your own has you worried)—don't wail. Wash your face with Swan! Moonbeam-mild. Pure as fine castles! Swan helps smooth, young complexions stay baby-clean, baby-fresh.



3) If it's love at first look:

... If you'll positively expire without that w spy dream of a blouse, but your mother's got that practical eye—tell her you'll pamper it yourself! Washing pretty duds in Swan's angel-mild suds is a trick you know helps 'em stay lovely longer!

Baby-mild for Everything

SWAN is pure as fine castles

SKYSCRAPERS

At ease, you tall girls! Those extra inches add up to beauty plus, if you follow these tips

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor



seem to expect people to make fun of you. But if you stand up proudly, carry yourself gracefully, you'll have the little gals wishing they could wear clothes so well and seem so assured. If you have fallen into bad habits of posture, lose no time in correcting them—head up, shoulders held back easily, eyes level.

Be Graceful—Practice walking. Don't slink along as if you were

trying to disappear—nor clump defiantly like a lady wrestler! Learn to move smoothly, walking with the toes pointed straight ahead and the legs swinging easily from the hips. When you sit down, don't collapse in the manner of a tired great Dane. Sit back in the chair with your legs together or crossed at the ankles. It's surprising to find that you can relax comfortably without resting on the back of your neck.

Be clothes clever—By a little careful planning when you select your clothes, you can actually fool the public into thinking you are not really so tall, after all. (Of course, if you're extra heavy as well as tall, you have special problems and not all of these how-to-dress suggestions would apply to you.) Even if you don't mind height, you'll look better and smarter if you follow these few basic do's and don't's.

DO WEAR

Two-piece models, suits or dresses of two colors which break the long line.
Trim sweaters or blazers and pleated skirts.
Flat-heeled shoes, even for dates. (There are lots of dressy models.)
Square or round necklines.
Skirts ending just below the knee.
Horizontal stripes or trimming, and plaids.
Flat-top hairdos, shoulder length.
Simple hats like calots, cloches, berets.
Long shorts, almost to the knee, or the slacks that cut off at mid-calf

DON'T WEAR

Straight or princess dresses, unbroken lines.
Long, sloppy sweaters and straight, skimpy skirts.
High heels.
V necklines or turtle necks.
Too-long or too-short skirts.
Vertical stripes.
High pompadours or up hair-dos.
Big hats that look top-heavy.
Brief shorts that leave a great expanse of legs exposed.



Polish up your psychology— When you've done the best possible job on your posture and clothes, you're still going to have to keep a firm hand on your point of view about being king size. You may look like one of Powers' or Conover's most famous models (many of whom are from five-feet-eight to six feet tall), you may have created the illusion of being inches shorter than you are. Nevertheless, when you stand with a group of your friends you're still way above most of the girls and some of the boys. Well, don't worry about the girls because it's not inches but smoothness that counts in measuring your appearance against

The too-short boy has size-worries, too. Your cue is to help him forget them.

theirs, and under-size girls have their problems too. As for the boys, just try to remember how much worse it is for their male egotism to be smaller than a girl. Most of them will probably shoot up in the next few years, anyway. Since you are built to stand out in a crowd, you'll cause the crowd to turn admiring eyes on you by presenting a graceful, well-groomed and poised appearance. And first thing you know, you'll forget all about being tall.

If you want to know how to carry yourself gracefully in order to accentuate the positive, send a 3c stamp for the leaflet, "All Members in Good Standing." Send your request to Good Looks Department 9, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

What's the good word?...Have a Coca-Cola



... a first-class way to make friends

Have a Coke is one greeting that always gets the right answer. It's a happy custom as well known on the byways as on the highways of the land. There's good old down-to-earth friendliness about it—a truly American way to say *Relax, let's talk about things*. So let's! *Have a Coke!*



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When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

movie memos

RE: *What to See for Laughs*

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS

Movie Editor



The play, "Junior Miss" has been bringing down the house for years, which makes it a hardy perennial as a laugh getter. Now it has been filmed with Peggy Ann Garner as Judy. After the tears we all shed over Peggy as Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" it will be nice to laugh with her. Judy's campaigns to educate her parents to the teen-age point of view are plenty funny. (20th C-Fox)



In "Along Came Jones" Gary Cooper plays a cowboy who is plain as an old shoe—no fancy clothes, no jingle jangle to his spurs. Loretta Young wears unglamorous clothes, too, but is she plain? By no means—she's more beautiful than ever! There ought to be a moral to this, but since we're checking on laughs instead, we'll report that this unusual Western has lots of them—and mystery for good measure! (RKO)



Those prime dispensers of merriment, Abbott and Costello, are showboat actors in "The Naughty Nineties" back in the days when a trip down the Mississippi was a big adventure. But since the boys gather their gags wherever they find them, don't be surprised to see them dressed for the Nineties and talking, but definitely in the Twenties. (Univ.)



Cornel Wilde (the actor you remember along with the song in "A Song to Remember") is an Arabian Nights hero in "A Thousand and One Nights." Pretty handy with the sword he is, when he can fend off six villains with his trusty right arm while his left is otherwise engaged. Adele Jergens is the girl and very pretty in technicolor. The desert scenes are tops, too! (Col.)



Strictly speaking, "Weekend at the Waldorf" isn't a comedy, for Van Johnson has a heart-tugging role as an aviator about to undergo what he fears will be a fatal operation. Lane Turner has a serious part, too. The gayer side of the film is in the swanky Waldorf doings, such as Xavier Cugat and his music at the famed Starlight Roof, and Robert Benchley airing his smartly tailored Scottie. Ginger Rogers is also in the starry cast. (MGM)



The Wilde Twins, Lee and Lyn, aren't a bit alike in "Twice Blessed" except in looks. You see, Lyn was raised by her mother (Gail Patrick), who concentrated on her daughter's brains; Lee, by her newspaper father (Preston Foster), and, being somewhat on her own, majored in jive. When the sisters secretly change places in order to reconcile their parents, each has to bluff, Lee trying to be intellectual and Lyn to be hep. You'll be seeing more of the twins. (MGM)



Deanna Durbin turns detective in "Lady on a Train." She has to, because, since she has witnessed a murder from the window of a fast-moving train, no one will believe her story. She engages a writer of mystery stories to help her, but what she really needs is a bodyguard, for her life is threatened once she starts investigating. Deanna is doing a different type role in every film and is successful in all of them. Child star making good with a bang, we call it! (Univ.)



His boyhood treasures were maybe a slingshot, a jack-knife, a shiny bit of mica — only he called it *isinglass*.

Now it's a wartime treasure. For mica is used in many things — from spark plugs for plane engines to electronic tubes for communications. Because no other material can quite replace mica, war's huge demands made it scarce.

Mica had been picked by its looks and much of it discarded until Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists worked out electrical tests that found more of it to be usable. This eased a tough situation and stretched the mica supply to fill all military needs.

Skill to do this and many other war jobs is at hand in the Bell Laboratories through years of work with the Bell System in helping to make this nation's telephone service the best in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



GIRLS in the NEWS

The Philadelphia

1—Governor for a day. Marcia Hedberg, 16, of Albany Academy for Girls, gets pointers from New York's Governor Dewey on her duties at the helm of state during Boys' and Girls' Week. *Press Association Photo*

2—Ship ahoy! To replace "Soogie 1," who prefers land, Miriam Bernstein of New York City offers her dog to Coast Guardsmen of a destroyer escort. "Soogie II" will sail with full battle honors. *Press Association Photo*

3—For world peace. Camp Fire Girls, Juliana Howe, 11, left, and Earline Talley, 11, of San Francisco, admire the painting, "A Prayer for Peace," by Gertrude Whiting, presented by the Camp Fire Girls to the United Nations Conference in memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The painting shows traditional candle ceremony enacted about globe, symbolic of world friendship.

4—Junior helpers. Lending a hand with children in nurseries is just one of the many things the 450 juniors in the Washington, D. C., unit of the American Women's Voluntary Services are doing to speed Allied victory.

5—English Alice. Ann Stephens, 13, plays title role in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" which British stars recorded for Hospital for Sick Children in London. *British Combine Photo*

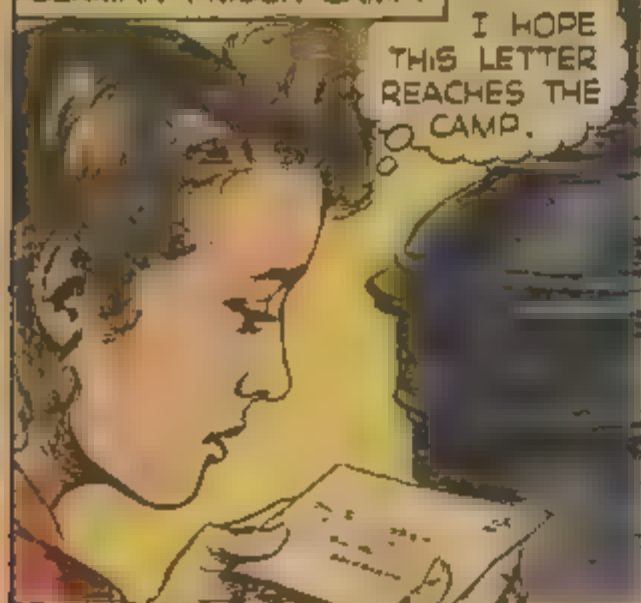


FOR FRANCE AND LIBERTY

LOUISE DE MONT-REYNAUD, NOW A CAPTAIN IN THE FRENCH WAC, HAS MAGNIFICENTLY SERVED THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM IN FRANCE AND IN THE WORLD



IN 1940, AFTER THE FALL OF FRANCE, LOUISE DE MONT-REYNAUD WAS LIVING QUIETLY IN PARIS AND STUDYING MEDICINE. HER FIANCEE WAS IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP.



I HOPE THIS LETTER REACHES THE CAMP.

ONE NIGHT IN AUGUST, 1940, THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF HER HOME.

WHY, MONSIEUR! WE HEARD YOU WERE MISSING.



I AM WORKING WITH GENERAL DE GAULLE IN LONDON. I COME TO ENLIST YOUR AID IN A RESISTANCE MOVEMENT AGAINST THE GERMANS.

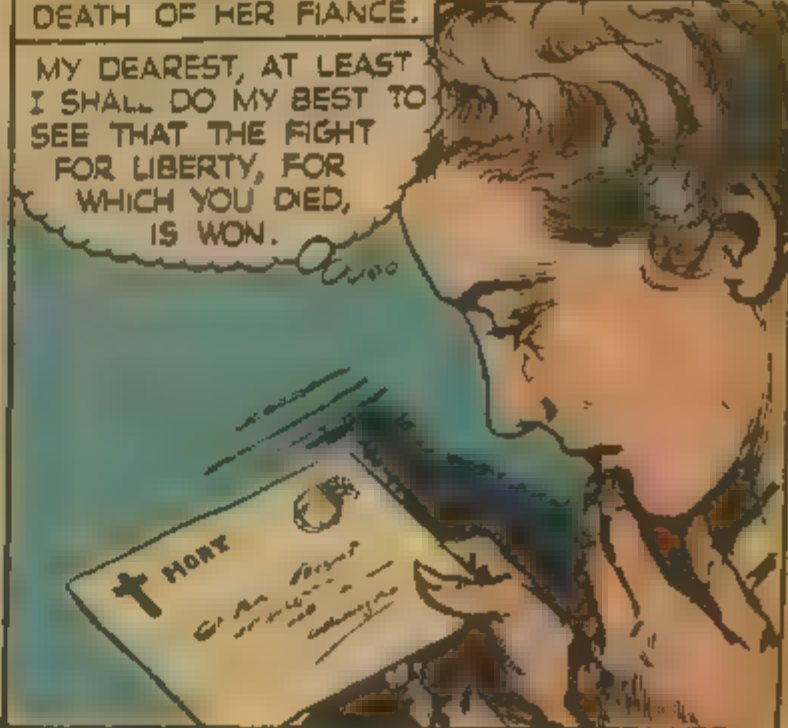
LOUISE WAS GLAD TO WORK HARD AND DANGEROUSLY TO AVENGE THE HONOR OF FRANCE.



YOU WILL SOMETIMES RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS BY SECRET RADIO MESSAGES. AND REMEMBER, NEVER USE YOUR REAL NAME IN YOUR WORK.

FROM NOW ON I'M CLEOPATRA.

TWO DAYS AFTER SHE HAD AGREED TO JOIN THE UNDERGROUND, LOUISE LEARNED OF THE DEATH OF HER FIANCEE.



MY DEAREST, AT LEAST I SHALL DO MY BEST TO SEE THAT THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY, FOR WHICH YOU DIED, IS WON.

LOUISE DEMONT-REYNAUD'S FIRST DUTY WAS TO HELP ORGANIZE RESISTANCE IN PARIS.

THEN TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO SEE ME HERE TONIGHT. I MUST LEAVE NOW.

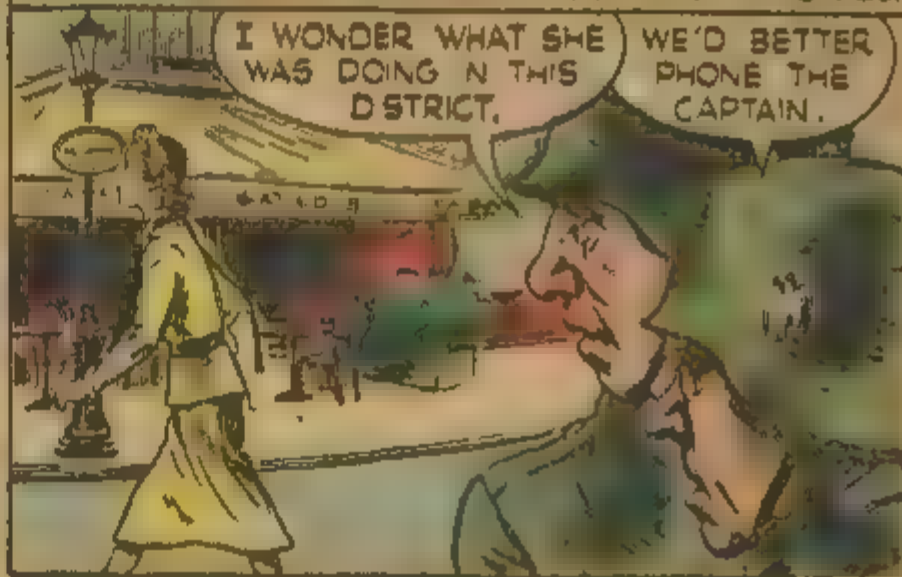
YOU MAY COUNT ON TEN LOYAL HELPERS, MADEMOISELLE.



BUT THE GERMANS WERE SUSPICIOUS AND WATCHFUL.

I WONDER WHAT SHE WAS DOING IN THIS DISTRICT.

WE'D BETTER PHONE THE CAPTAIN.



LATER, AS SHE WAS PERFORMING AN APPENDECTOMY...

PSST! MADEMOISELLE, MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR, WILL GESTAPO AGENTS DOWNSTAIRS ARE ASKING ABOUT YOU!

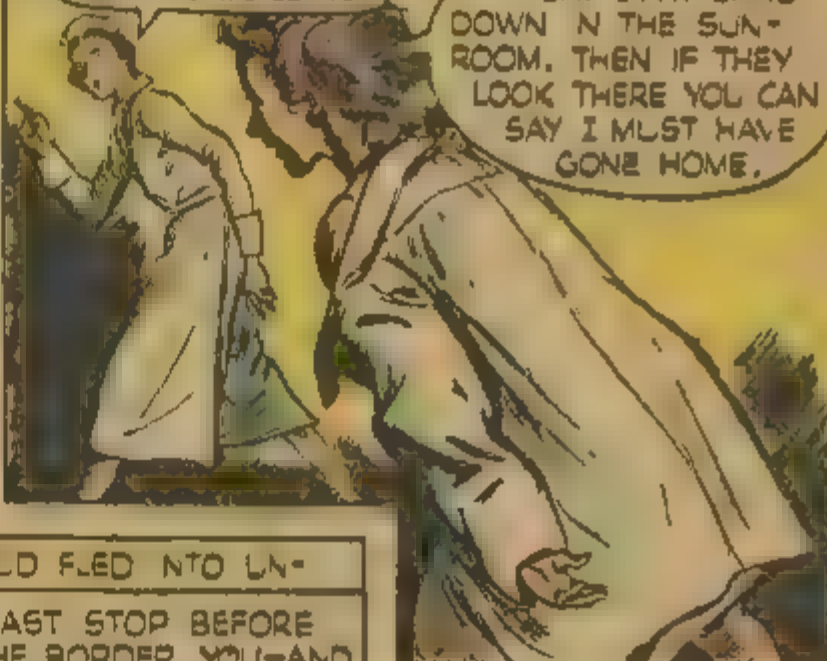
YOU PLEASE CONTINUE THE OPERATION? I-I FEEL PAIN.



THAT TIME THE HOSPITAL CELLARS LED TO ESCAPE.

TURN LEFT AT THE END OF THIS CORRIDOR. THERE YOU'LL FIND STEPS THAT WILL TAKE YOU OUT OF THE BUILDING.

THANK YOU, NURSE! HERE, TAKE MY GOWN AND SAY I AM LYING DOWN IN THE SUN-ROOM. THEN IF THEY LOOK THERE YOU CAN SAY I MUST HAVE GONE HOME.



AN HOUR LATER... DOWN, GYP! YOU ARE TO GUARD THE PLACE WHILE I AM GONE. THE HOUSEKEEPER WILL FEED YOU.

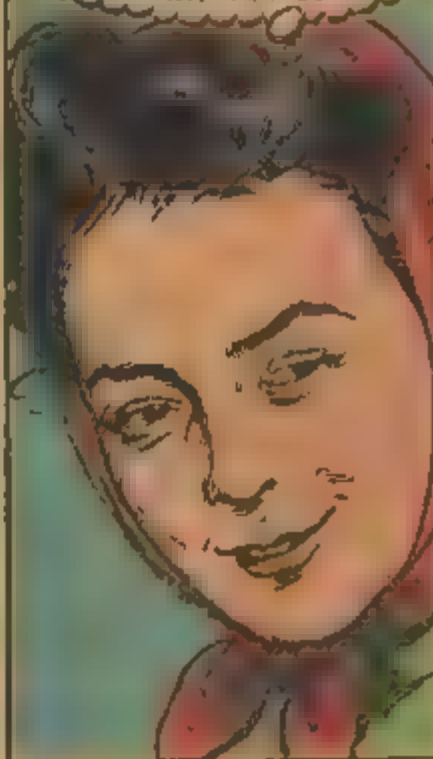


LOUISE DEMONT-REYNAUD FLED INTO UN-OCCUPIED FRANCE.

LAST STOP BEFORE WE CROSS THE BORDER. YOU-AND YOU-ALL BLOND WOMEN GET OFF THE TRAIN HERE. HEIL HITLER!



SO THEY ARE REALLY ON MY TRAIL-BUT HOW STUPIDLY! THEY NEVER DREAMED I MIGHT DYE MY HAIR!



WITHIN A MONTH, HER HAIR DYED AGAIN, 'CLEOPATRA' WAS BACK IN PARIS WITH NEW PAPERS TO SHOW.

IF CLEOPATRA WERE ALIVE TODAY, WALKING IN THE SHADOW OF A CHURCH TOWER

MY SECRET ORDERS! I MUST GO!

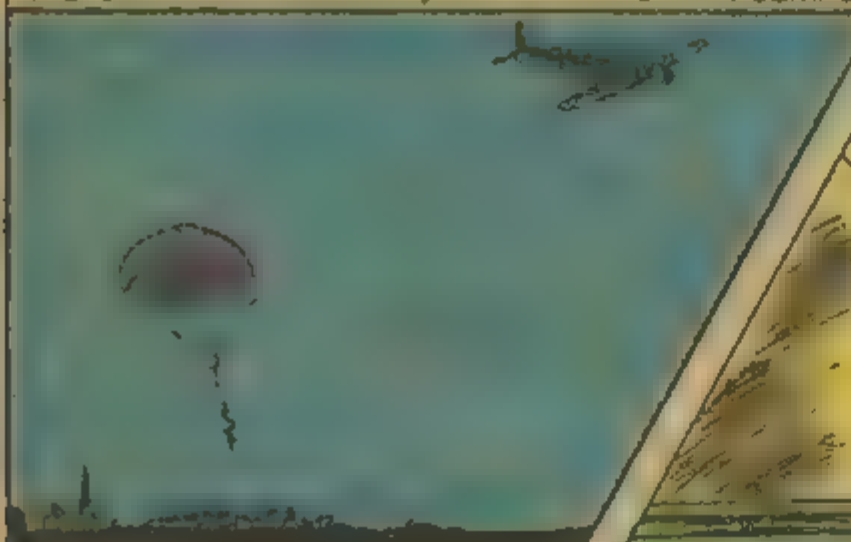


YOU ARE TO GO WITH ME TO LONDON TONIGHT TO MAKE A PERSONAL REPORT.

SO NOW I AM TO DO LIAISON WORK BETWEEN FRANCE AND LONDON!



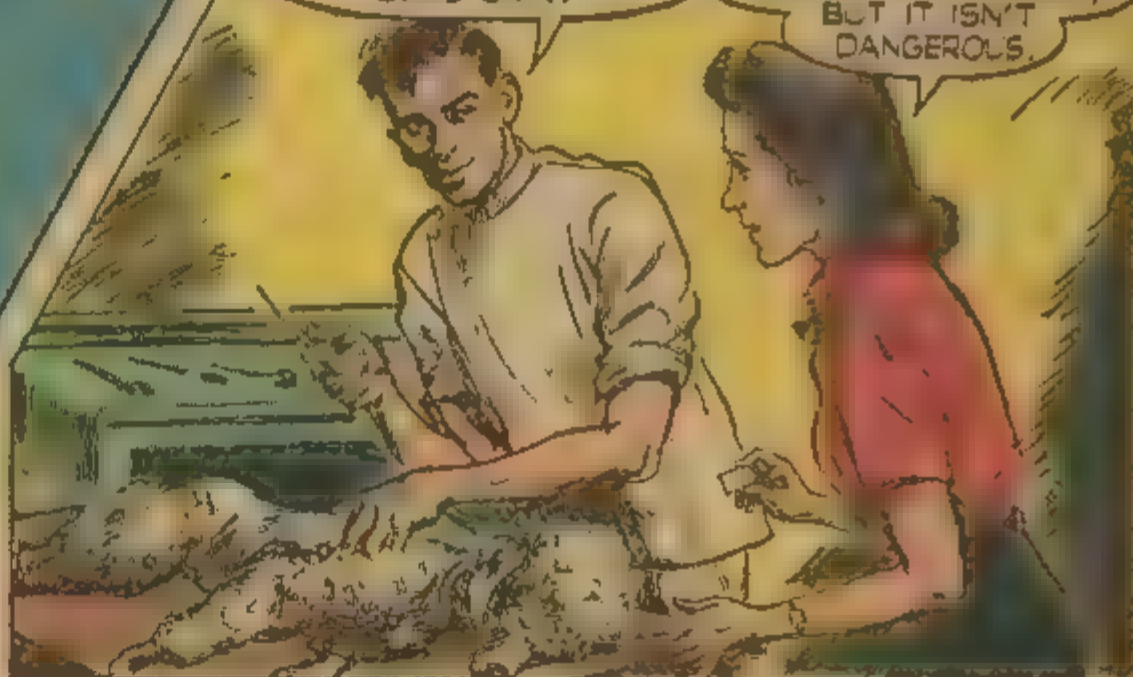
A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN SHE RETURNED, Mlle. DE MONT-REYNALD MADE HER FIRST PARACHUTE JUMP UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS. LATER, FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM, SHE MADE OTHER JUMPS.



GYP HAD A SPECIAL PART IN THE WORK OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT.

IT'S A SPLENDID IDEA TO HIDE THOSE PAPERS UNDER GYP'S SKIN.

IT'S THE ONLY SAFE WAY. IT WILL HURT MY POOR DOG FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUT IT ISN'T DANGEROUS.



SO LOUISE DE MONT-REYNALD AND GYP CARRIED IMPORTANT PAPERS ACROSS THE FRENCH BORDER.

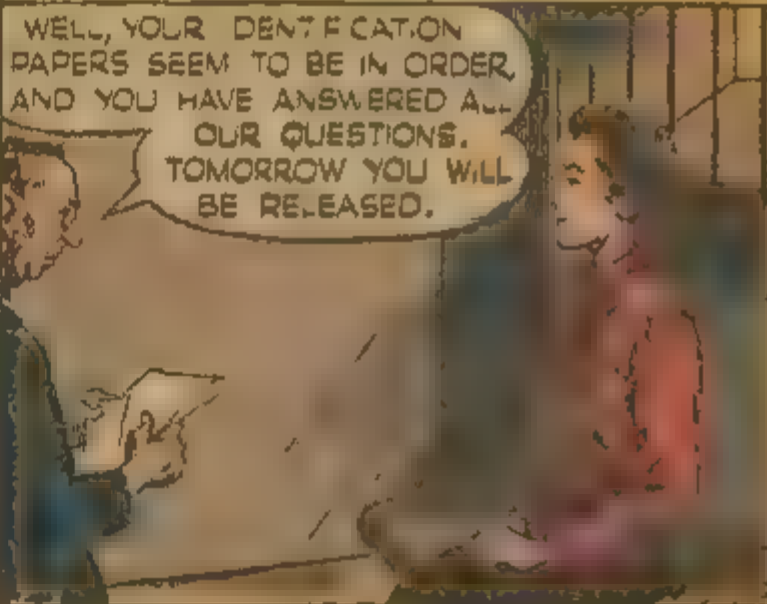
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY DOG—AND YOU MIGHT WANT TO GIVE HIM A BATH.

YES, MADAMESELLE, TRUST US TO SAVE HIS SKIN.



BUT THIS TIME Mlle. DE MONT-REYNALD WAS NOT ABLE TO CROSS THE BORDER UNMOLESTED. SHE WAS IMPRISONED AND QUESTIONED REPEATEDLY FOR THREE DAYS.

WELL, YOUR IDENTIFICATION PAPERS SEEM TO BE IN ORDER, AND YOU HAVE ANSWERED ALL OUR QUESTIONS. TOMORROW YOU WILL BE RELEASED.



EVEN HER TIME IN PRISON WAS NOT WASTED, FOR DISGUISED ONCE MORE, SHE USED HER EXPERIENCE THERE TO ORGANIZE HELP FOR THE PRISONERS.

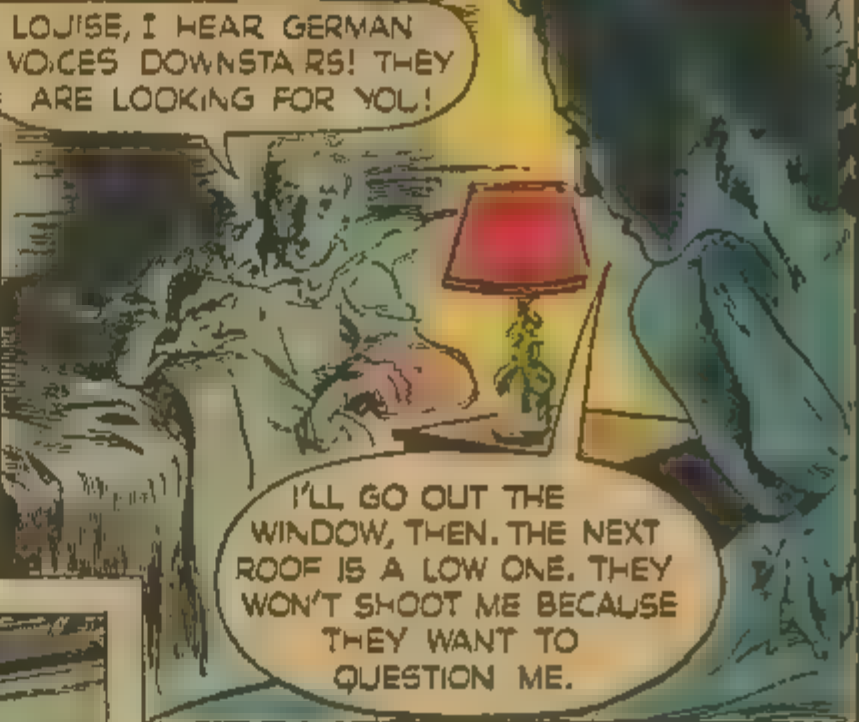
YES, MADAME, I'M JUST GOING OFF DUTY. PRETTY GRIM WORK, GUARDING THOSE BRAVE FELLOWS THERE.

THEN WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HELP SOME OF THEM ESCAPE? IT CAN BE DONE!



ONE NIGHT, WHEN LOUISE HAD GONE HOME TO VISIT HER SICK MOTHER, SHE WAS AWAKENED AT MIDNIGHT...

LOUISE, I HEAR GERMAN VOICES DOWNSTAIRS! THEY ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!



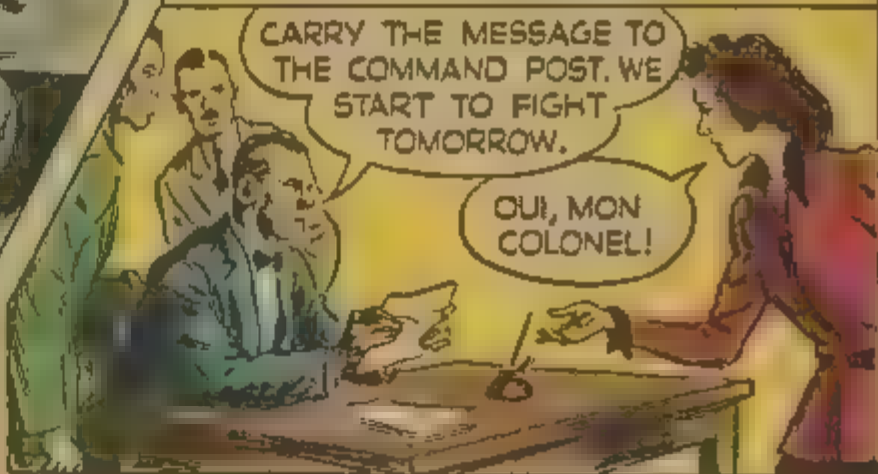
I'LL GO OUT THE WINDOW, THEN. THE NEXT ROOF IS A LOW ONE. THEY WON'T SHOOT ME BECAUSE THEY WANT TO QUESTION ME.



IN 1944, WHEN THE ALLIES BEGAN THEIR ADVANCE TOWARD PARIS, MILITARY HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE PARIS RESISTANCE WERE SET UP IN LOUISE DE MONT-REYNAUD'S CELLAR. ON AUGUST 17...

CARRY THE MESSAGE TO THE COMMAND POST. WE START TO FIGHT TOMORROW.

OUI, MON COLONEL!



THE PARISIANS HAD NO CANNON, BUT WITH HOME-MADE WEAPONS THEY DESTROYED THIRTY-FIVE TANKS AND DAMAGED MANY MORE. THE NAZIS COULD NOT HOLD PARIS AGAINST ITS LOYAL CITIZENS AND THE ADVANCING ALLIES.



GENERAL PIERRE KOENIG OF THE FRENCH ARMY CONFERRED THE LEGION OF HONOR AND THE CROIX DE GUERRE WITH PALMS UPON LOUISE DE MONT-REYNAUD, WHO IS NOW A CAPTAIN IN THE FRENCH WAC, FOR HER COURAGE, DEVOTION, AND MAGNIFICENT COURAGE.



CAPTAIN DE MONT-REYNAUD IS NOW IN THE UNITED STATES ON SPECIAL DUTY WITH THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF INFORMATION. HER DOG GYP AWAITS HER, SAFE AND WELL, AT HER PARIS HOME.

Two Wings for BARBARA

She wanted terribly to learn to fly—and that meant learning a lot of things besides mechanics

By ALMA HEFLIN McCORMICK
Author of "Adventure Was the Compass"

THE little red plane grumbled to a stop beside the T-shaped hangar back of the barn, and Barbara crawled out guiltily. Her brother sat slumped for a long brooding moment, and then with an air of decision he cut the switch to stop the engine. He unfolded his long, khaki-clad legs, slid out of the plane, and faced Barbara grimly.

"That," he said, "is just about the lous-i-est landing I've ever seen, Sis." He shook his head. "You've wrapped it up, kid. I guess you're the one out of a hundred who just can't fly. So forget it."

Barbara glanced at his unhappy face, and then walked to the tail of the little plane. More than food or drink or anything in the world she wanted to fly. She bent down to take a bit of weed from the tailwheel of the little plane while she put the pieces of her crumpling face back into place and straightened her trembling lips.

"Maybe, Bud—with just one more hour of practice tomorrow, before you leave to go back to camp, maybe—I could solo yet."

"You've had . . ."

"Eleven hours."

"And people have soloed jobs like this in two or three hours," Bud said flatly. "Look, Babsie. It wasn't just this last landing. You've bounced, you've pancaked, you've undershot and you've overshot, time and again.



Bud pinned on the single wing, "Be my crewman here, Babsie, till I come back," he said.

I said three good landings in a row, and I'd let you go alone. You get one good one out of six or eight." He shrugged.

"I wanted to solo you before I go back. Your heart is set on it, and it would've been a help for Dad in this deal today. But—it would be murder, Babsie, to send you up alone."

"I try, Bud. Honest!"

"I know," he said. "Too hard, maybe. If you could relax . . ." He grinned a little. "We'll try again when I come home for good." He gave her a quick little squeeze. "Come on, let's get some lunch. I've got to scam. If I were late, and me slated to sell Wheatlands on a real honest-to-goodness airport, Dad would skin me. Think he'll put it over, Babsie?"

They walked slowly toward the house. "I don't know, Bud," she said. "Plenty of the ranchers think it's a dopey idea.

They think a gas pump and a barrel of oil make Speed Barton's cow pasture a real airport." She drew a ragged breath. "Better than your jungle strips!"

"Some of them think Dad is just hipped on the idea, personally, because he lost the wheat in the east section last summer when the hail came after the combine broke down. But, Bud, there was plenty of warning on the radio, if we could've harvested in time. Dad called the dealer for repair parts, but there wasn't a phone at the airport and they couldn't find Speed. Dad says anybody with a thousand-acre ranch really needs a plane and pilot for errands, with distances so great and all. But the town council thinks . . ." She flung out her hands in a sudden impatient gesture.

"You'd think the councilmen

could see!" she added. "Doc Branson, 'specially. He could make ranch calls so much faster. I'd prove it if only. . . . Oh, Bud, if I could have soloed!"

She unlatched the gate, and called to Jean and Timmie playing over under the big cottonwood. Jean dropped her doll and raced over, and Timmie tried manfully to keep up on his fat little legs.

"Did you solo, Babsie?" Jean called. "Babsie, will you give me a ride soon? Will you teach me to fly someday? Babsie, will you?"

"Timmie go f'yin', too, Babsie?" Timmie grabbed his big sister around one leg. "Can I? Can I?"

Bud looked uncomfortable. "Scram, kids," he said roughly. "Barbara needs more practice. We'll make a pilot out of her when I come home."

Barbara raised her chin defiantly. "My landings," she said, "are awful. Probably I can't ever learn to fly. Forget it. I'll bring our lunch out here under the tree." She fled toward the house. "And we'll not have one more word about it!"

She made thick sandwiches of meat and lettuce and mayonnaise. She poured the steaming soup into the tureen, filled a pitcher with cool, creamy milk, put dishes and food on a tray, and started back to the yard. And then, at the door to the screened porch, she stopped.

"She just thinks she has to be the hottest pilot on wings," Bud was saying. "If she could relax, just forget herself—oh, gosh, Jean, I don't know. . . ."

Barbara opened the door and walked toward them. For a moment she didn't look at their reddening faces. Carefully she set the food down, in an icy silence served it.

"I know one thing, Bud Masters!" she said then. "I think you're the meanest brother in the world! Saying I'm—saying I—oh!"

"Take it easy," Bud begged.

"He's killed," Jean gasped. Timmie lay on the kitchen floor, white and terribly still. Barbara snatched him up.

"I only. . . ." Jean took one look at Barbara's stricken face, jumped up from the table, and ran into the house. Bud picked up a sandwich, stared at it as if wondering what it was, and laid it down again.

"Guess I talk too darn much," he said.

He stood up, and walked toward the gate. Then he stopped, took the wings off his collar. With a quick snap he broke one wing off, came back to Barbara.

"Look, Sis." He fingered the half-emblem uncertainly. "On the transocean airliners, the pilot wears his two wings, but he couldn't fly without his crewmen. They wear only one wing. Somebody has got to help Mom and Dad with the ranch, and—well, be my crewman here, Babsie, till I come back?"

He leaned over, fastened the wing on her collar. "I've got to go. Mom and Dad will be through shopping and be at the meeting by the time I get there now." He turned quickly then and went into the house. Timmie's puzzled little face puckered.

"Ever'body mean to Babbie," he said dolefully. Barbara gathered him into her lap.

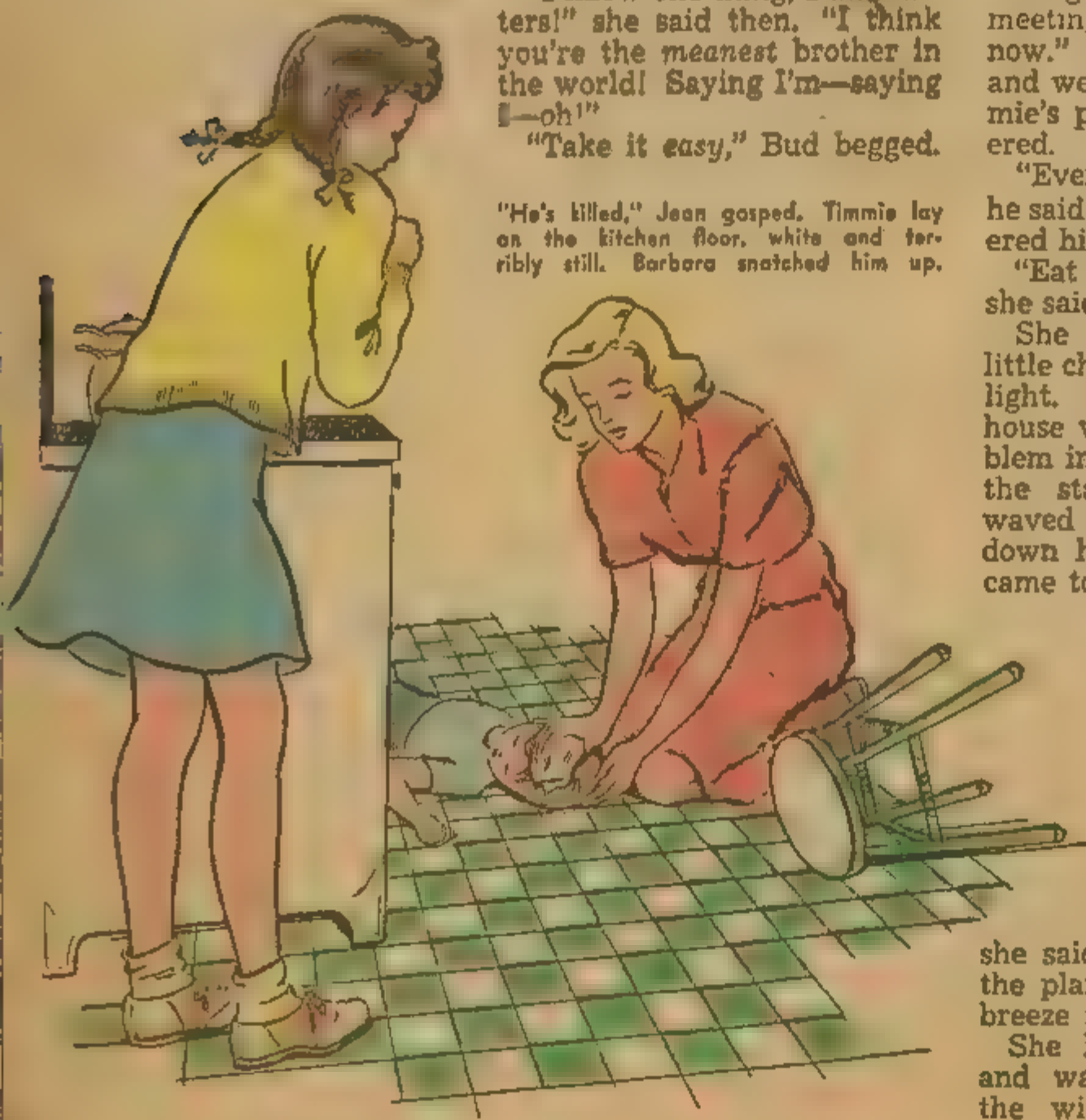
"Eat your lunch, Timmie," she said unhappily.

She nuzzled under his soft little chin till he gurgled in delight. Bud came out of the house with another collar emblem in place and drove off in the station wagon. Timmie waved wildly, dribbling milk down his pink overalls. Jean came to the door.

"I'll wash the dishes," she offered in a small, subdued voice. "I'll dry them, too, Babsie." Barbara accepted the miracle.

She looked at the untouched lunch, set Timmie on the ground. "All right," she said wearily. "I'll go put the plane in the hangar. The breeze is getting stronger."

She had the plane turned and was pushing it through the wide doors when Jean



screamed. Barbara ran, stumbling with fear. She caught Jean at the door, shook her savagely. "Stop it, Jean! What's wrong with you! Stop it!" Jean clung, sobbing.

"Timmie's killed," she gasped. Barbara shoved her aside, hard. Timmie lay on the kitchen floor, white and terribly still, blood on his face. Barbara snatched him up. She wet a towel, mopped at the blood running from a bruised cut over his eye. "He c-climbed on a stool, and it fell over, and he hit the stove with his head," Jean sobbed. "He's d-dead, he's..."

"Jean!" Barbara snapped desperately. "Stop that! He'll be all right! Turn the covers down. We'll get him to bed."

She laid him gently in his bed. With shaking fingers, she bound a gauze pad over the gash in his head.

"Fill the hot water bottle," she said. "We'll keep him warm, treat him for shock. Don't cry, honey. He's only knocked out, but I'll get the doctor."

It seemed an age before the doctor's home answered, and then he was not there.

"He's gone to the council meeting, Barbara," Mrs. Branson said.

Barbara hung up without a good-bye and called Bert Groggins, at whose place the meeting was being held.

"Why, they're not here now, Barbara," Mrs. Groggins said. "You know how your folks are set on the airport, at least a waiting room and a telephone and a full-time attendant. And so Bud said..." Barbara interrupted despairingly.

"I know, Mrs. Groggins. But..." She was suddenly almost crying.

"Are you in trouble, Barbara?" Mrs. Groggins asked sharply. Barbara told her quickly. "Keep him quiet and warm," Mrs. Groggins directed. "I don't know how I can get your mother and dad. Bud wanted to point out some things there to the council, and they went out in their cars. Bert has ours there, and there's no phone at the field, you know. But the doctor should be back at his house within the hour!"

Barbara went back to Timmie. He stirred restlessly, but his eyes were closed. Maybe his

injury wasn't serious, but—maybe it was. An hour! Then the doctor would have to take the long winding road through the Palouse hills. If only she could reach the airport! Mom and Dad had the car, Bud had the station wagon. Barbara rose with sudden decision.

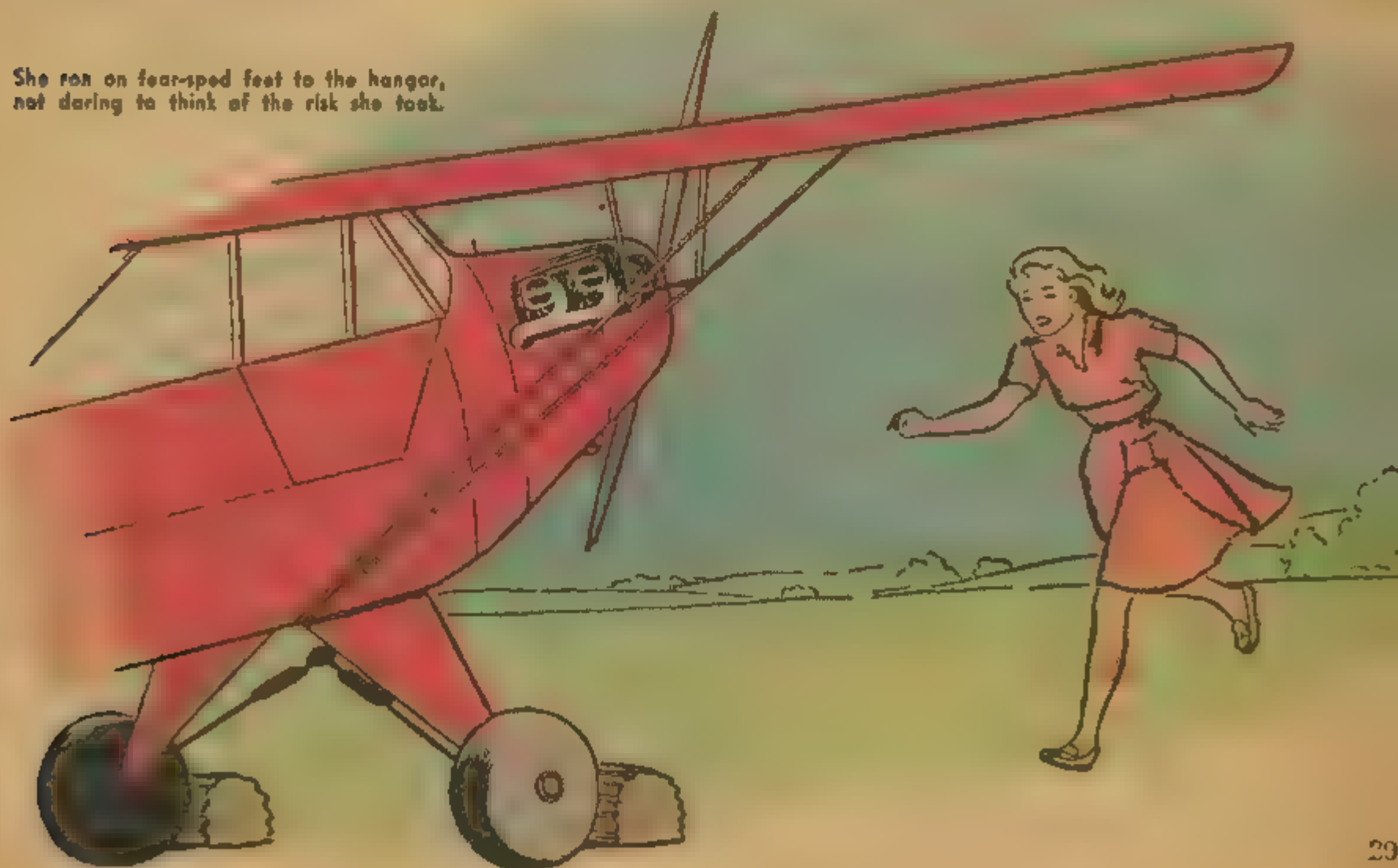
"If he wakes, keep him quiet," she ordered. "I'm flying to Wheatlands."

Jean looked up, her tear-washed face paper-white. "You can't, Babbie," she wailed.

"I've got to," Barbara said. "I've got to."

She ran on fear-spiced feet to the hangar. She blocked the wheels, turned on the switch, grasped the propeller tip. She could end the journey right here, end it with a broken arm or skull, if she were careless, but she didn't stop to think of that. She swung the prop strongly, stepping back and past as it clunked over. Cautiously, she moved it over the top of its arc again, swung it then strongly, savagely. The engine burst into its grumbling roar. She circled the flashing blades, eased the throttle back, kicked the wheel-blocks away,

She ran on fear-spiced feet to the hangar, not daring to think of the risk she took.



and climbed into the cabin.

She took one quick look at her fear as she buckled her safety belt, and then cast her doubts behind her. She had to fly today. She had to, or Timmie might never taste the heady joy of the open sky. Gently she eased the throttle open. The little red plane grumbled and bumped out to the runway.

It wasn't until long afterward that Barbara thought much about that take-off. Squared into the wind, the little plane moved faster, faster, took to the air in a long, sweet climb. In a shallow bank, Barbara circled back around the house and straightened out over the barn. Then she leveled out, and straight as a frightened swallow, and as surely, she headed for town.

It was amazing even to Barbara, who had flown often with Bud, now the miles melted beneath her wingtips. Over to her left, the road meandered in a great scalloped arc. Below, yellowing wheat fields stretched in billowing folds, spilling their gold over the horizon. And there ahead, a tracery of smoke, the low, clustered buildings of the town, and the airport a mile beyond the further edge!

She was throttling back to land when she saw there were no cars at the field, none along the fence or at the open shed. The meeting was over. They were on their way home, or perhaps already back in town a mile away. With a half-sob she opened the throttle again, too fast, so that the engine coughed and sputtered. For one fearful moment, she thought the suddenly flooded engine would stop. Then its full-throated rumble surged out, and the plane leaped ahead. Circling, she straightened out over the road toward town, try-

ing to think what to do. Bud might have flown into town, might have landed on the street, but she knew that was absolutely beyond her.

Then, she saw the cars, four of them, halfway to town! There was Mom and Dad's, Bud in the station wagon, and in the lead, Dr. Branson's old

the other councilmen on their heels, puzzled and frightened. She poured out her story, and then Bud and the doctor were in the plane, racing down the runway.

They didn't talk on the way home. Dad was driving like a madman. Barbara's quivering face was buried in Mom's comforting shoulder. Then at last they were in their home driveway, were tumbling out of the car and running for the house.

Bud and Dr. Branson met them at the door. "The boy's all right," the doctor said quickly. "A nasty cut, mild concussion. You'll want to see him, Mary, but he's okay." Mom smiled shakily, and went to the bedroom where Jean sat beside the drowsy little boy.

Dr. Branson picked up his bag and clapped Bud on the back. "So long, Bud, and good luck. You've turned out a sweet little pilot in two weeks," he said heartily. "Guess you and your dad are right about a lot of things. The council will be talking this over, and the airport will be ap-

proved before I ever get back to town, or I miss my guess."

As Dad followed the doctor to the car, Barbara turned to Bud.

"I broke a lot of rules about solo certificates and zooming a road and—and—flying low, and things, I guess," she said, "but—Timmie . . ." She paused, sat down on the step wearily. "Well, anyhow I didn't smash your plane, Bud. I—I won't touch it again, honest."

"You won't?" Bud asked gently. "Why not, Babsie?" His eyes were very proud, very pleased. "I've got two wings, Barbara. For a pilot. Tomorrow, could you make me a couple more sweet landings like the one you made at Wheatlands? I think you can do it."

And she did.

HELP WANTED

By IRIS LITT

Sixteen Years Old

Freed from war,
will all but the greatest men stand nonplussed,
looking childishly down at their own hands?
Or, in the lull that lies upon the earth
will they hear an ever-present voice:
"Remember—there is work?"

There will be work,
work to be done with patience and with laughter,
land to plow and homesteads to rebuild,
children to feed and broken limbs to set,
and broken men to mend
with years and words and smiles.
There will be tears to dry and poems to write,
in reassurance that poetry still lives.

Here are a million human tasks, a million careers,
a new world to grow,
a past to forget and a future to remember.

The new young farmers must tramp out together
into the fields now fertilized with blood,
must weed out, with caution, the "ulterior motives,"
the prejudice, sodism, and distrust,
must plant and gather up the hard-won crop,
a crop of trust, of frank, warm, happy living.

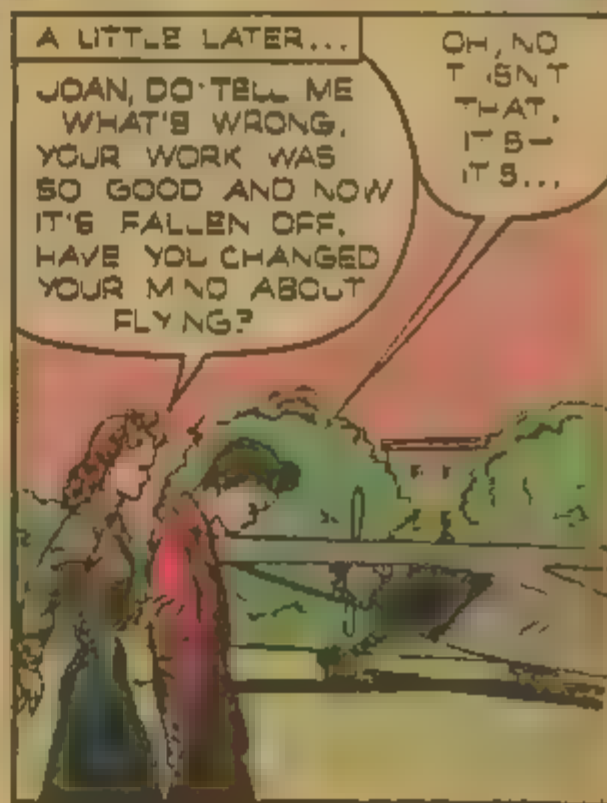
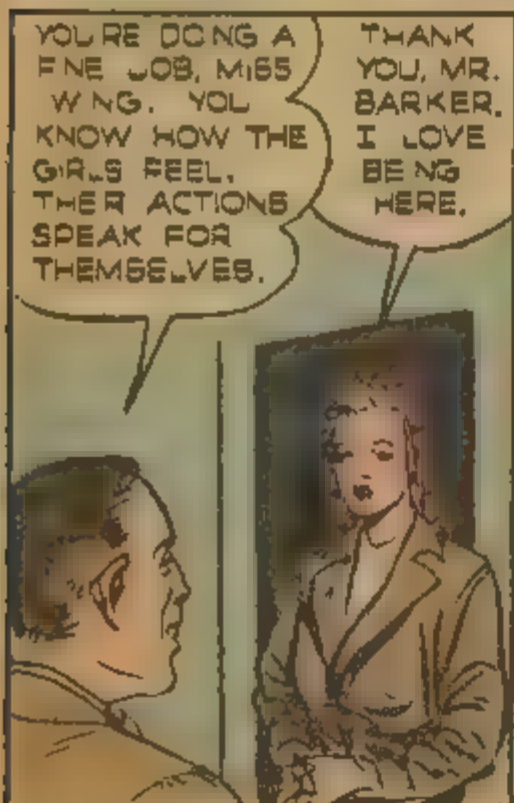
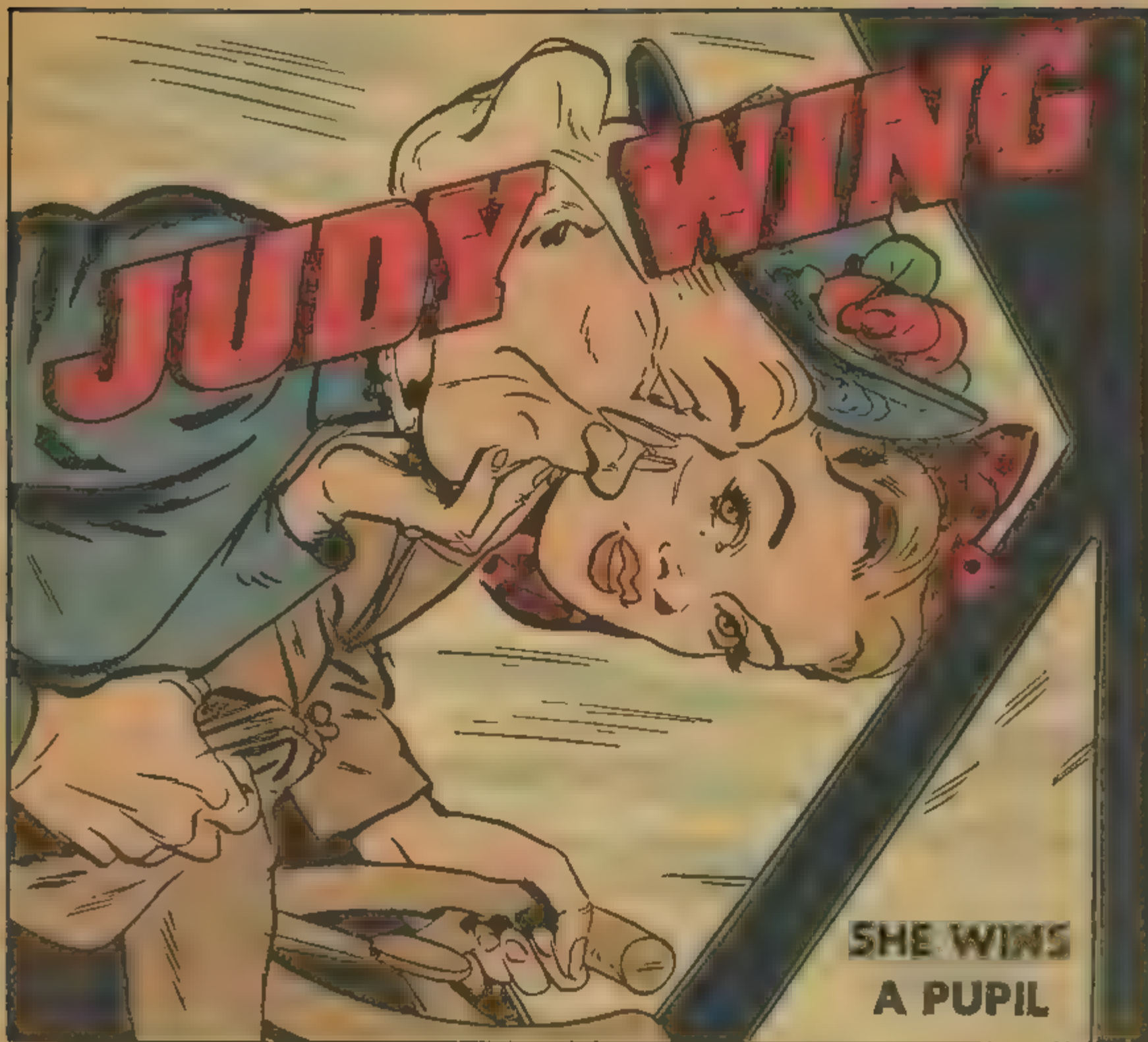
The wages will be peace.

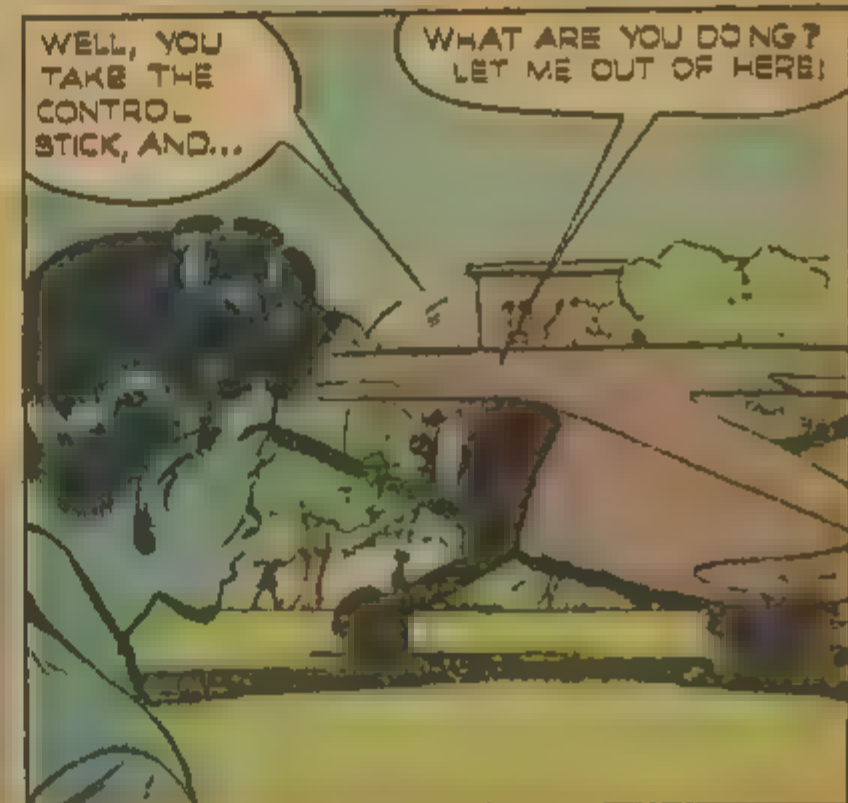
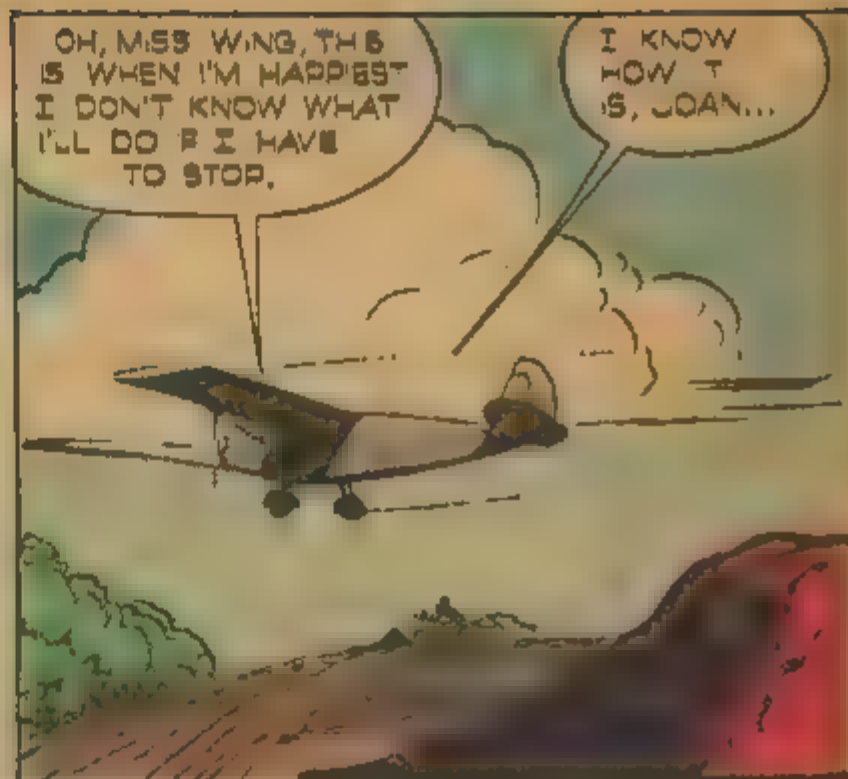
This poem was written for "Dancing Youth,"
a monthly publication of the Teen Age
Dance Workshop, of which Iris Litt is editor.

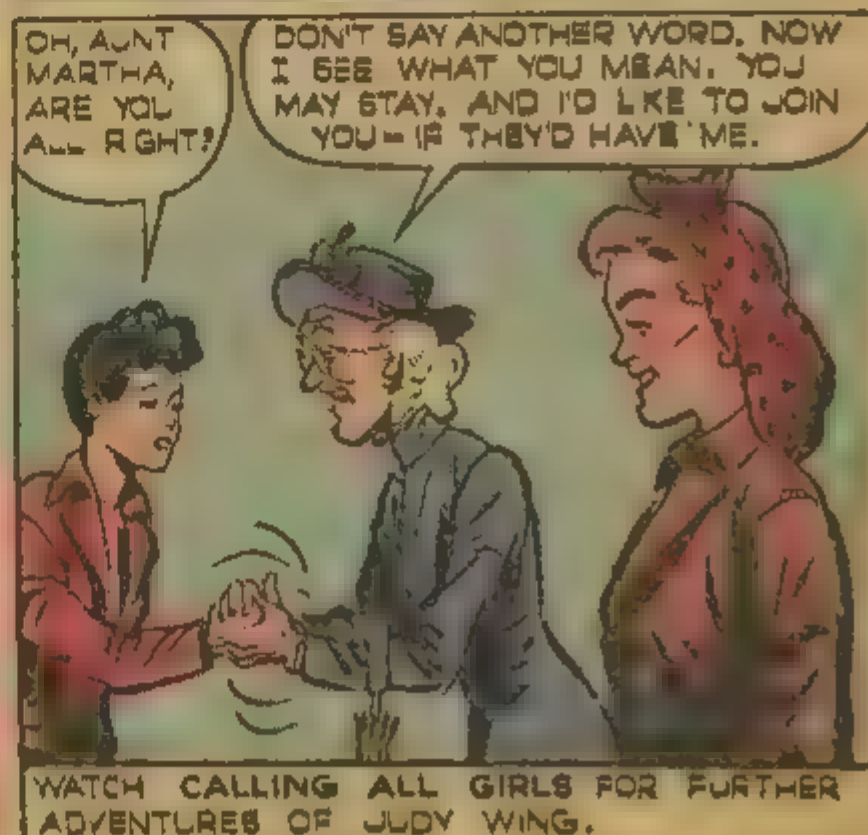
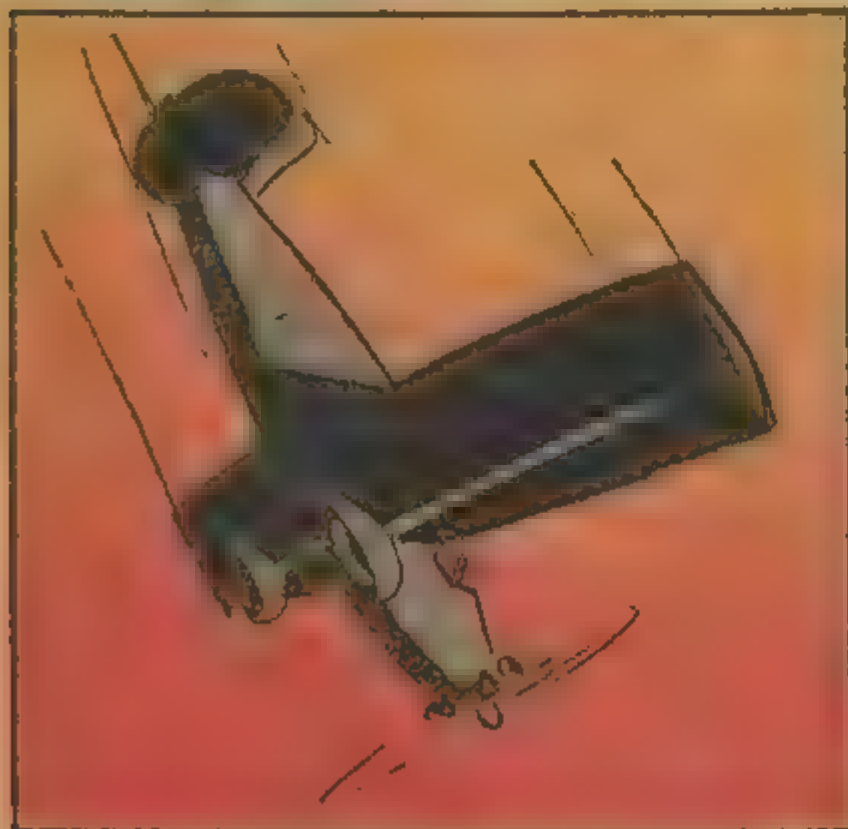
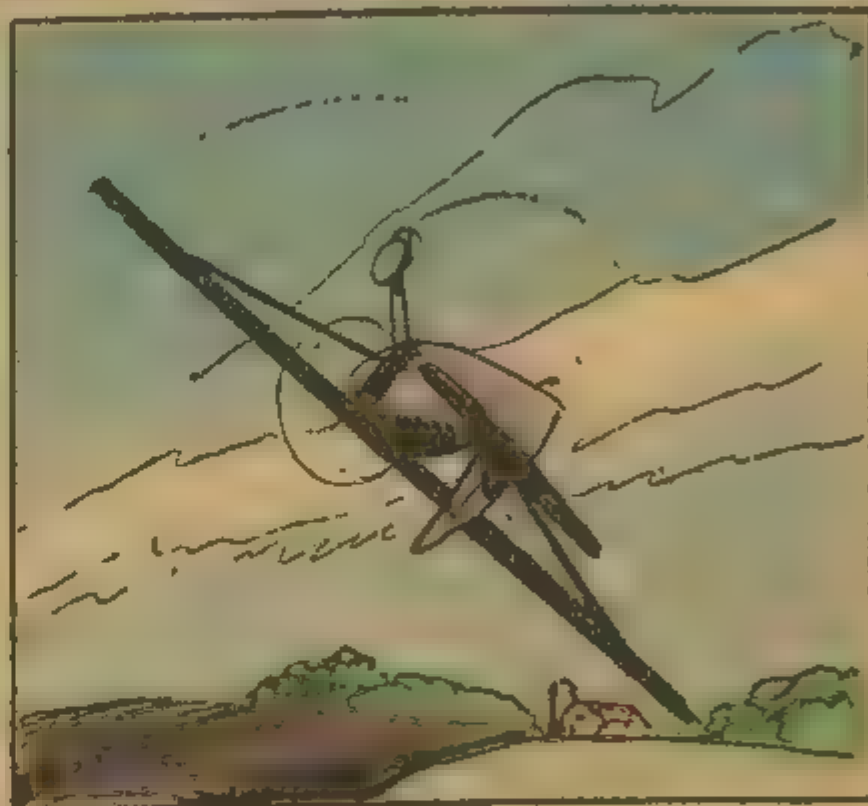
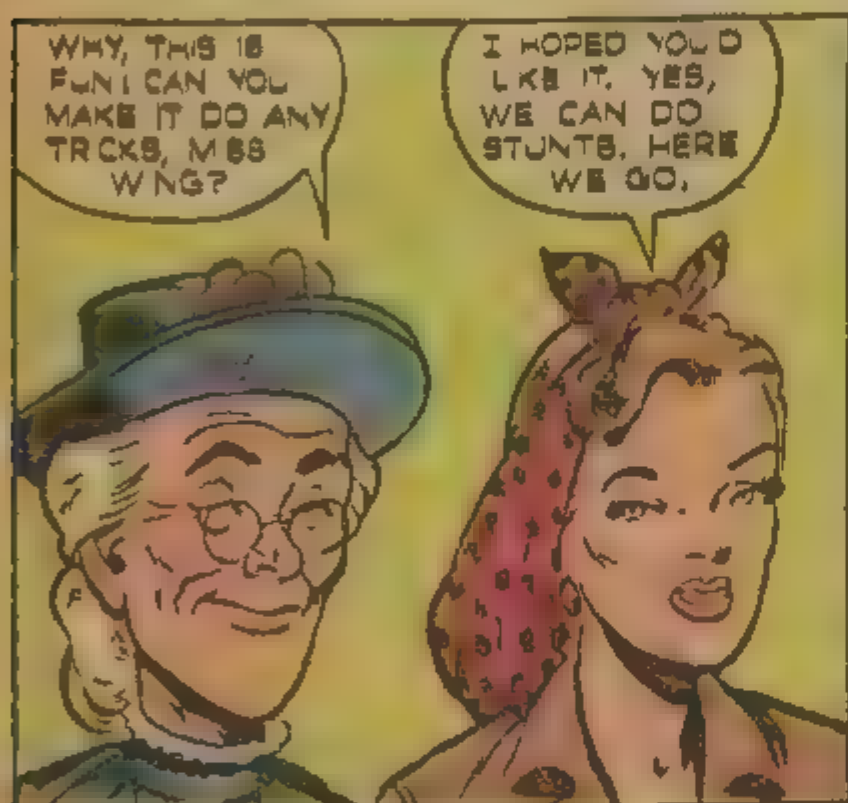
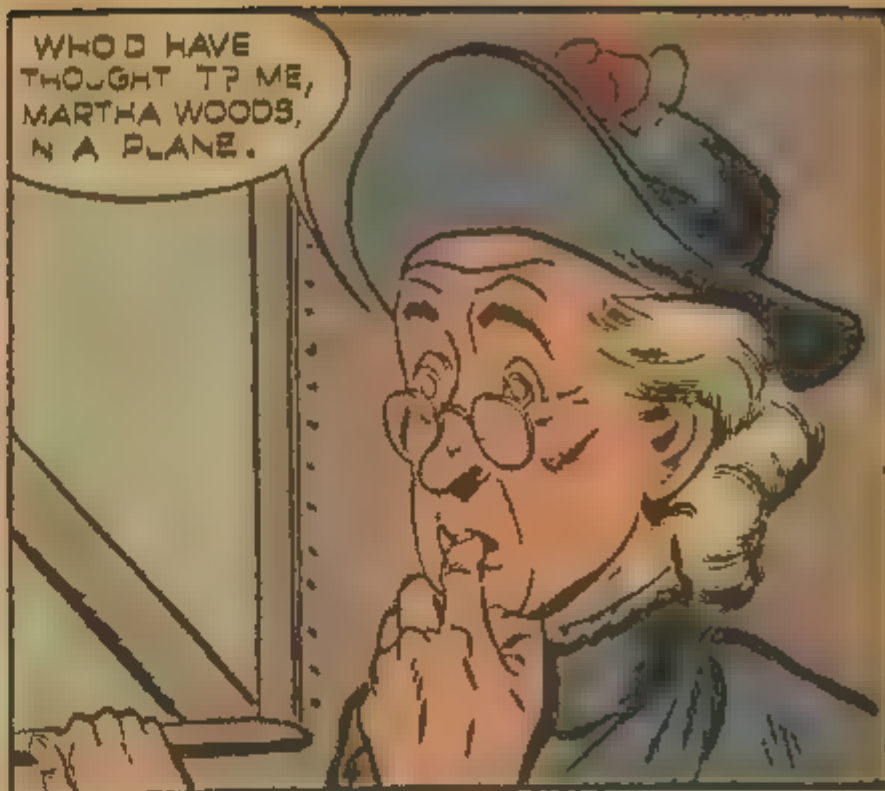
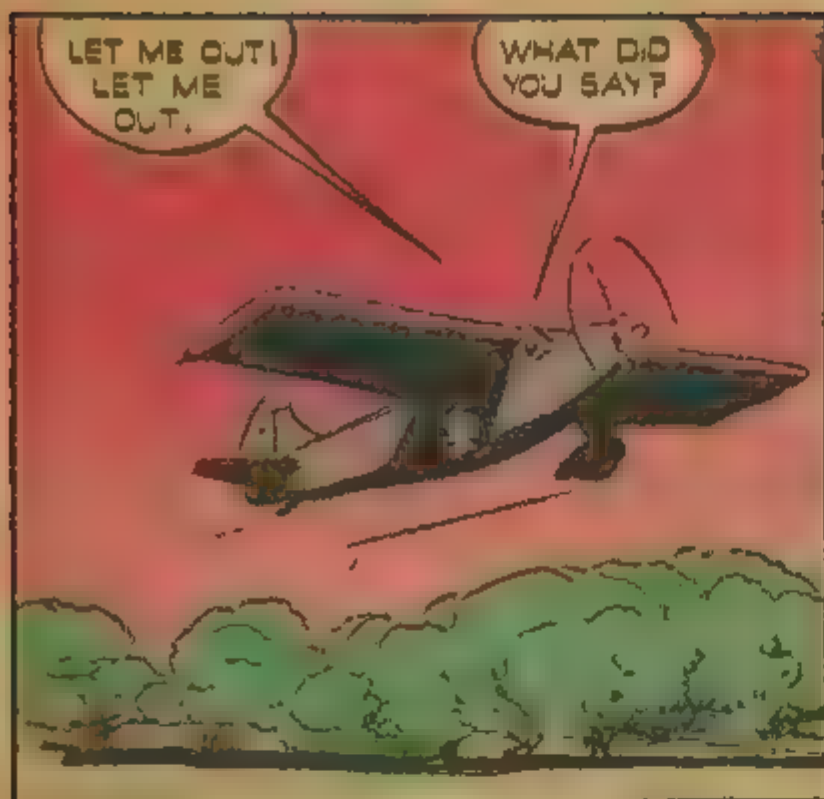
green coupe with Bert Groggins' car slogging along in his dust. Suddenly she knew what she must do.

With wide-open throttle, the little plane sped above the highway. Wheeling in a steep bank just ahead of the cars, she dived in a roaring plunge across the road, pulled up in a zoom, circled, dived again. She could see them skidding to a startled stop, and as she fled back to the airport, she saw them turning and hurrying back to see what was wrong with this mad young idiot!

She hardly knew how she landed, but she was waiting, white-faced, the engine still ticking over, when they drove up. Mom and Dad reached her in a dead heat with the doctor,







Cookie TOSSES OFF A SALAD

SUE'S DAD SAID YOUR SALAD IS BETTER THAN HIS, MUM. WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?

DRESSING MAKES THE SALAD, COOKIE. CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AND I'LL SHOW YOU.



ALLOW 1 TABLESPOON VINEGAR FOR TWO SERVINGS OF SALAD. IS THIS WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT THE SPOON?

THAT'S IT, HOLD IT IN YOUR LEFT HAND AND LEVEL, SO YOU CAN STR. OR POUR WITH YOUR RIGHT.



ADD SEASONINGS (MUSTARD, SALT, PAPRIKA) INTO SALAD SPOON ALLOWING ABOUT 1/8 TEASPOON OF EACH TO 1 TABLESPOON VINEGAR.

SEASONINGS DISSOLVE BEST IN THE VINEGAR.

I CAN STR. THEM IN AS I MEASURE.



USE 3 TABLESPOONS OF SALAD OIL TO EACH TABLESPOON VINEGAR.

JUST REMEMBER THE RULE COOKIE AND YOU CAN DRESS A SALAD FOR ANY NUMBER.

ONE SHARD TO THREE SMOOTH FOR TWO. IT'S SO EASY.



UNLESS YOU LIKE IT LIMP, DRESS AND TOSSE JUST BEFORE SERVING.

KEEP TURNING SO THE BOTTOM LEAVES ARE ON TOP?

YES, THAT'S "TOSSE." THE DRESSING GOES TO THE BOTTOM. YOU "TOSSE" SO EACH LEAF WILL GET ITS SHARE.



FOR SALADS TO GO UNDER THIS FINE FRENCH SALAD DRESSING, SEE PAGE 57.

Simplicity Sue MAKES JUMPERS TO WEAR WITH SWEATERS



HELLO, Joe—what d'ya sew?" is the \$64 question. The answer is "A broad-shouldered jumper that looks slick with sweaters." Make yourself any one of these three gems and your back-to-school wardrobe is off to a good start.

Left—straight and simple, with slit-front, collarless neckline. Make it in a rayon flannel, and wear it with your striped T shirts. Simplicity Pattern 1375. Sizes 12 to 20. Costs 25c.

Center—surplice wrap-around jumper sharp with turtle neck sweater. Make it in plaid. Simplicity Pattern 1353. Sizes 12 to 20. Costs 15c.

Right—Pockets and pleat in a jumper of rayon gabardine. Simplicity Pattern 1369. Sizes 12 to 20. Costs 25c.

Obtain Simplicity Patterns from dealer or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. State size and number.

The VICTORY CLUB

PEAS CONFERENCE

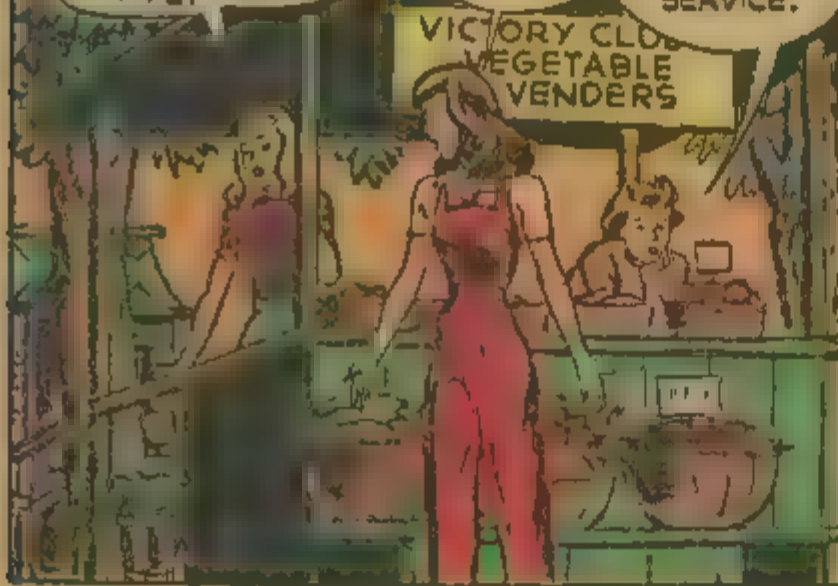


THE VICTORY CLUB HAS SET UP A ROADSIDE STAND TO SELL ITS VICTORY GARDEN PRODUCE. A FEW DAYS AFTER THE OPENING OF THE STAND...

GOLLY, NAN NARY A CUSTOMER, EVEN OUR OWN FAMILIES FORGET TO PATRONIZE US LOTS OF THE TIME.

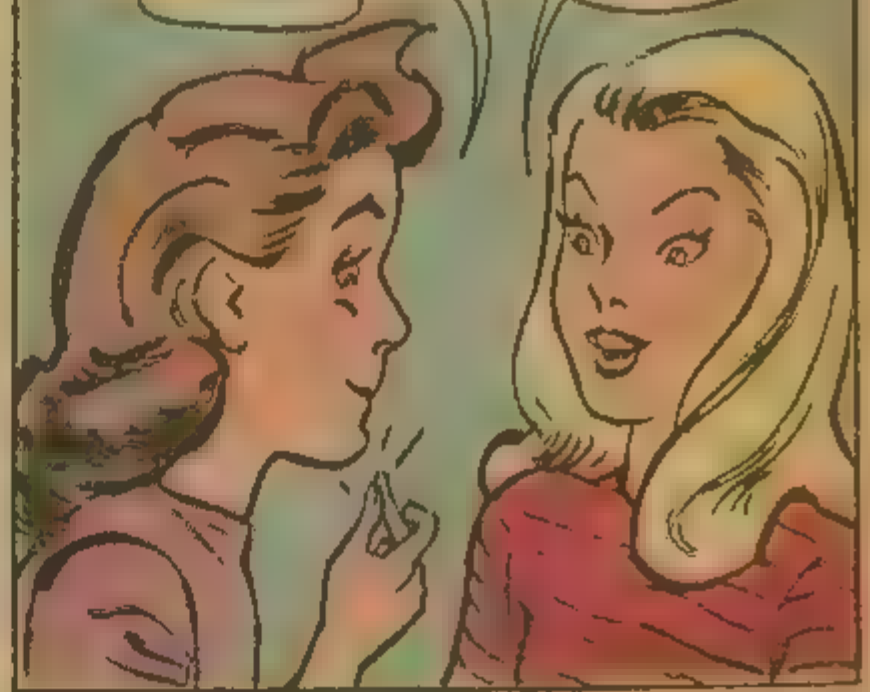
WE'RE NOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE STORES.

MAYBE IF WE MADE IT SIMPLE - GAVE SOME EXTRA SERVICE.



HOLLY! SUE! THAT'S IT. IF WE SHELLED OR HUSKED AND CLEANED ALL THE VEGETABLES ON ORDER - SELL THEM READY-TO-COOK.

NAN, YOU'RE WONDERFUL. LET'S PANT A SGN. CH.P. WALLY!



AND SO, THE NEXT MORNING...

THAT'S MY SISTER. IF THERE'S AN IMPROVEMENT TO BE MADE, NAN WILL PROVE IT.

I SUPPOSE SHE'S THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO EVER GETS ANY GOOD IDEAS.

ALL VEGETABLES CLEANED AND PREPARED TO ORDER DELIVERED TO YOUR STOVE READY TO COOK!

VICTORY CLUB VEGETABLE VENDERS

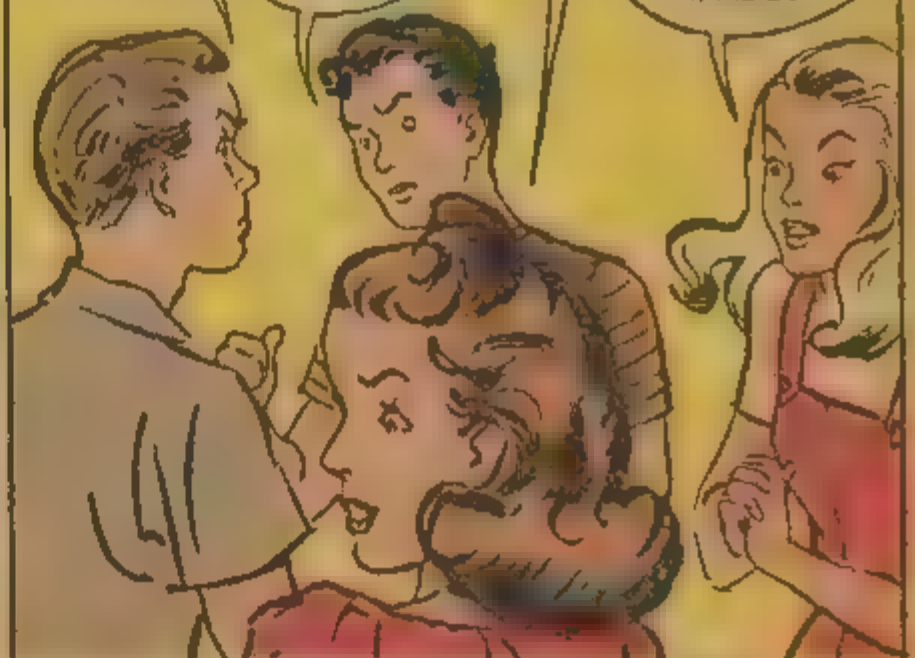


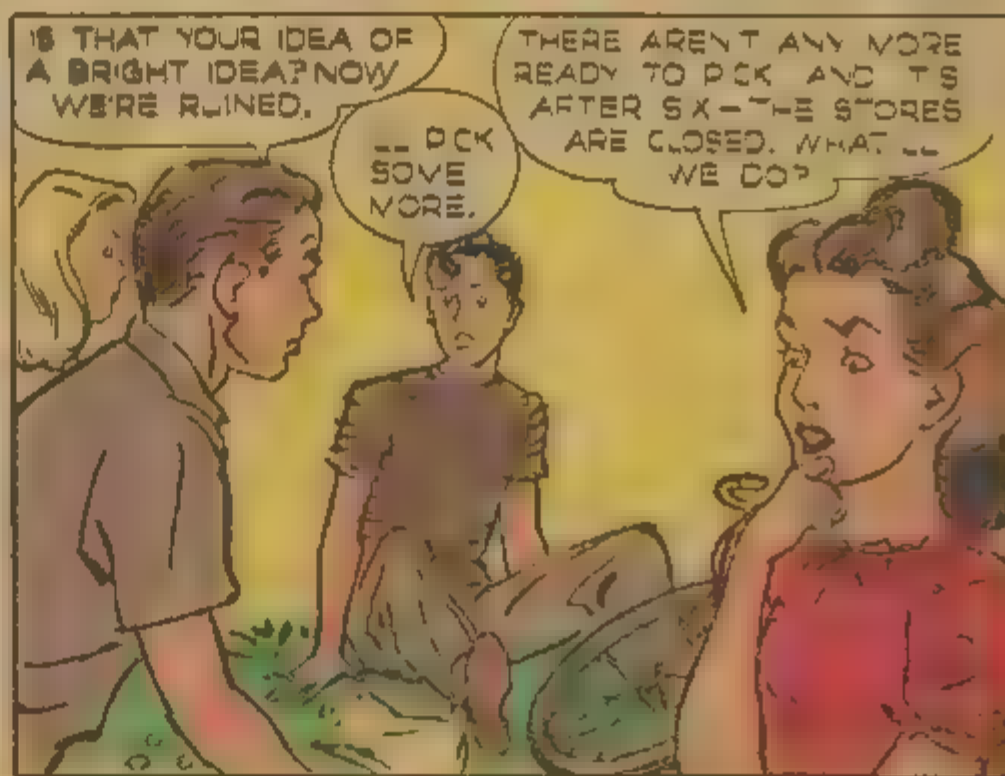
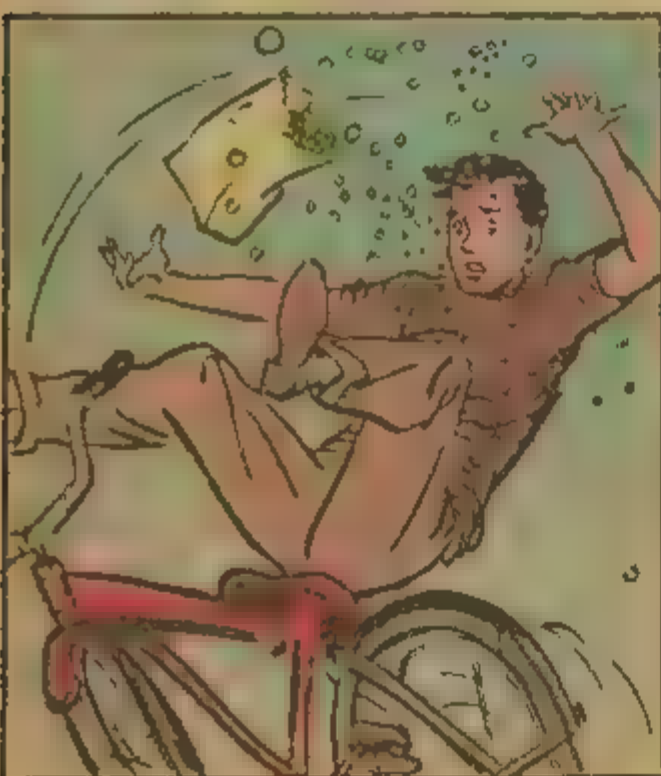
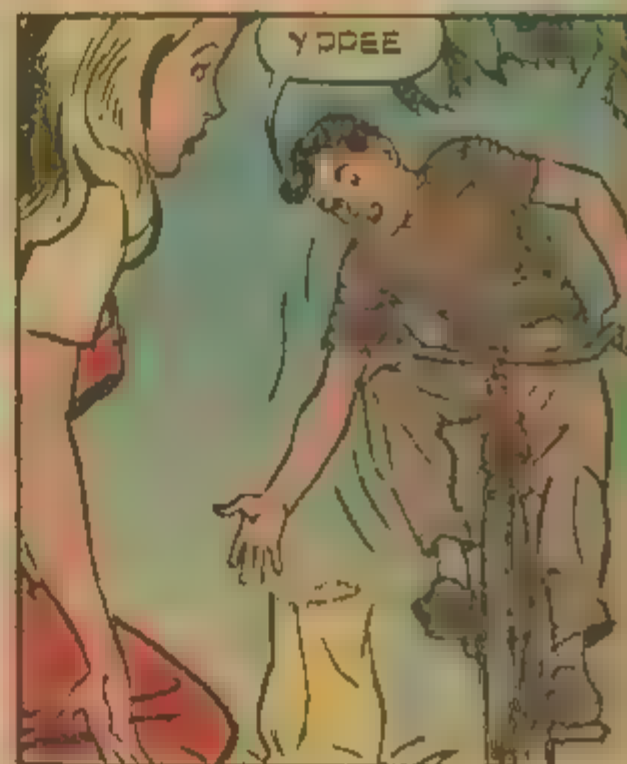
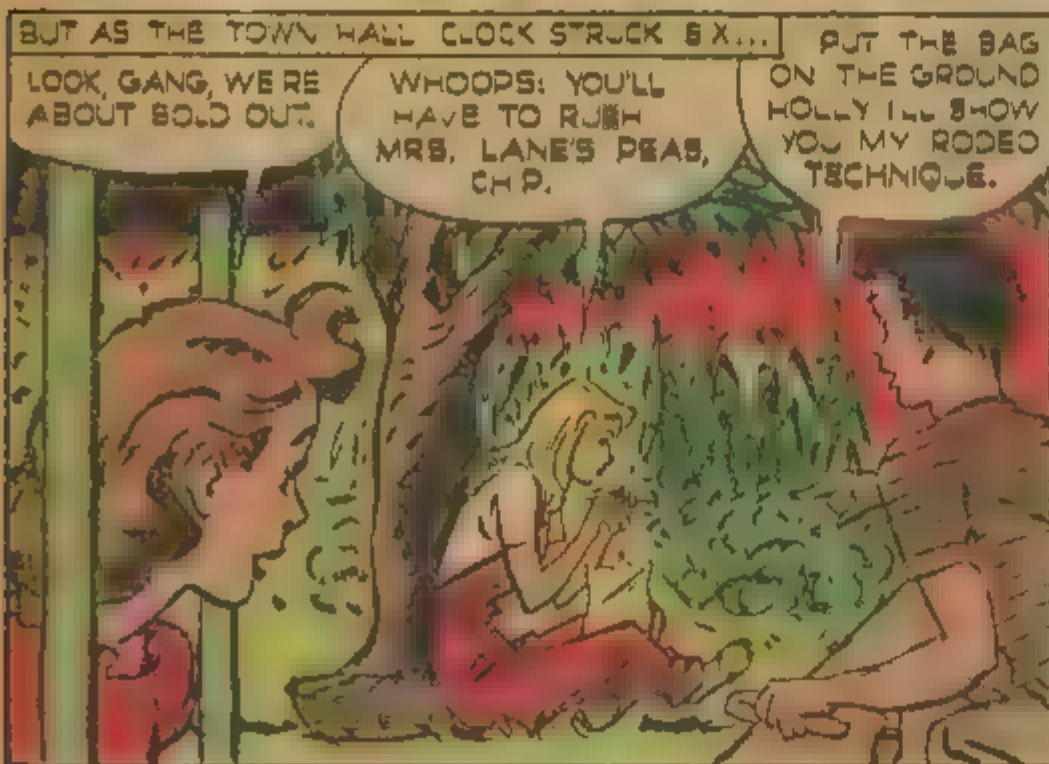
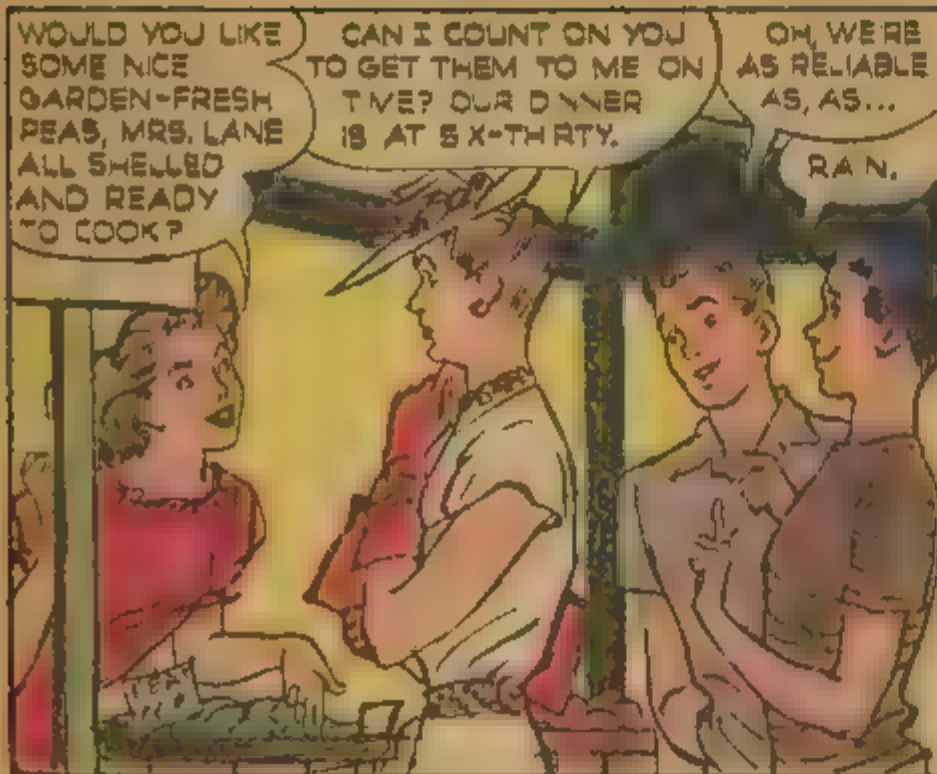
WHAT GREAT SUGGESTIONS HAVE YOU MADE? NAME ONE, CHUMP.

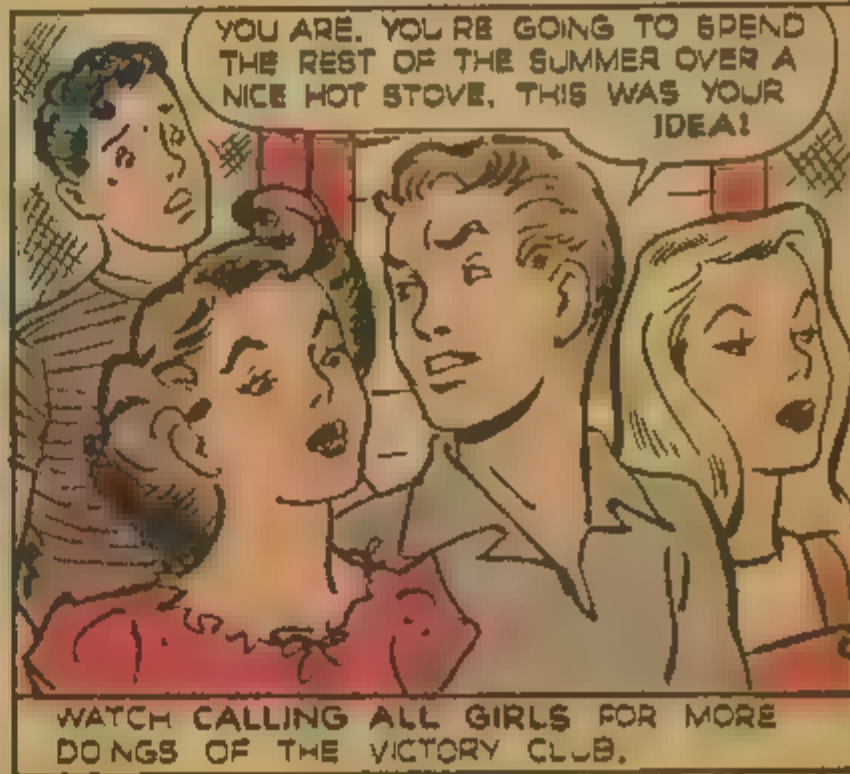
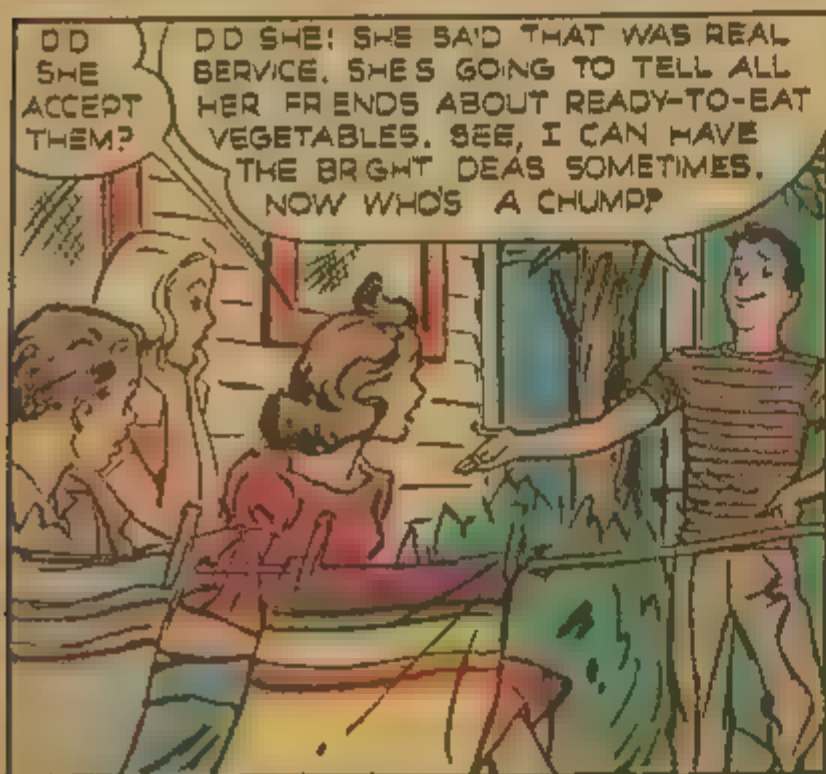
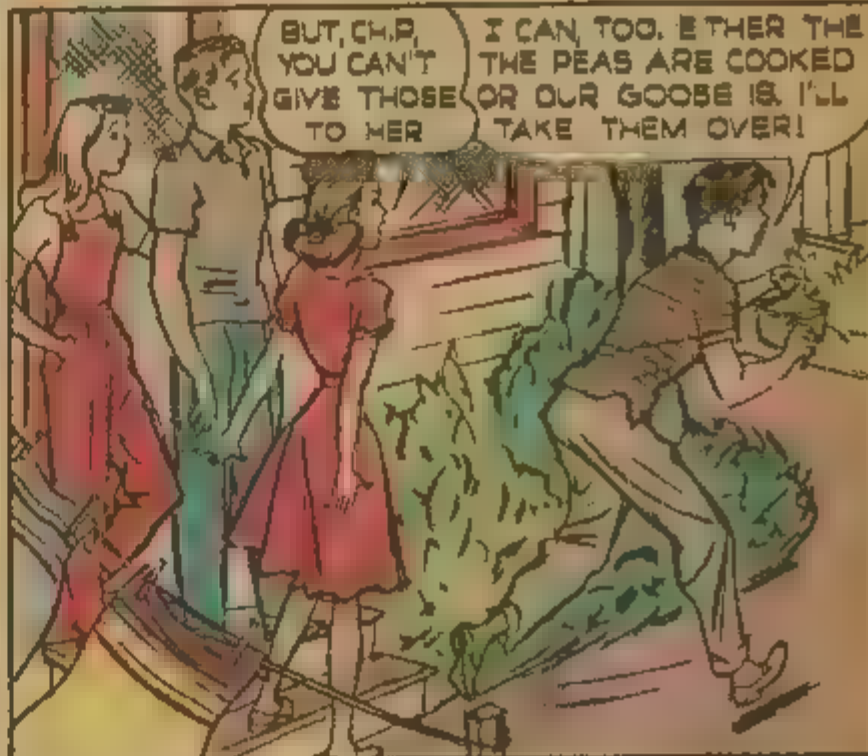
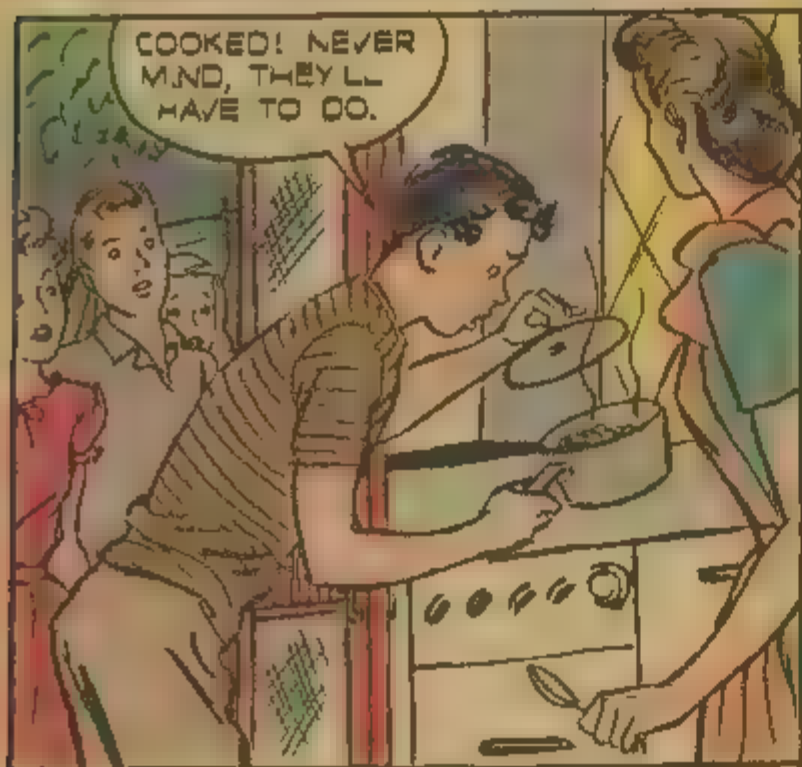
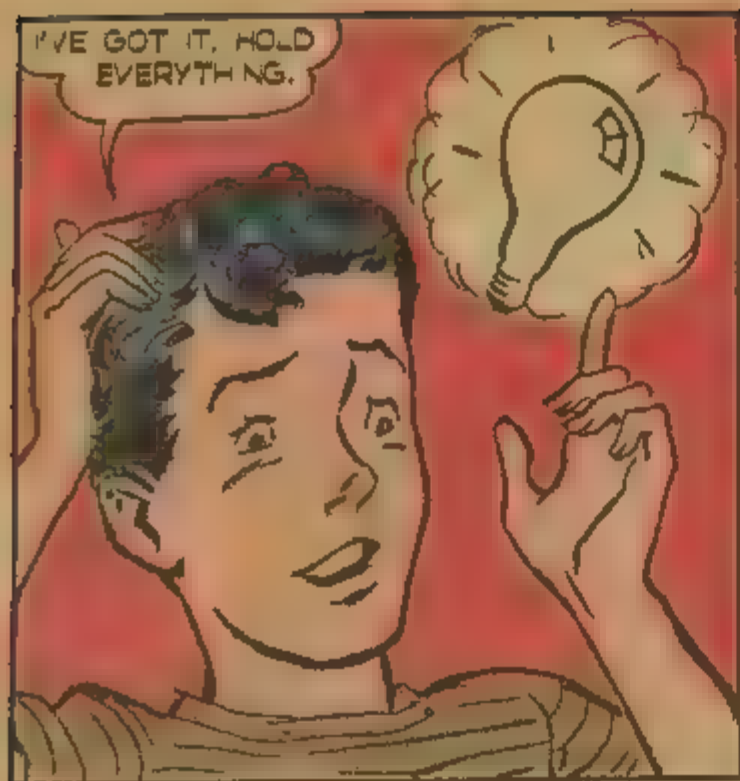
CUT IT, YOU TWO. HERE COMES MRS. LANE.

AND SHE'S THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S CLUB. IF WE SELL HER WE'RE MADE!

WELL...







5

For Style — The Joan Lord Label

For Style — The Joan Lord Label

For Style — The Joan Lord Label

mad about plaid *Joan Lord* skirt

... it's a 100% wool and a 100% favorite now
and for the school schedules ahead—
gayly graceful in colorful plaids... pleated
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HI... It comes in these 10 colors:

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Duluth, Minn.

Please send me a BARBARA CHESTERFIELD.

My size is _____

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(Second color choice) _____

I am enclosing \$ _____ ☐ by check

☐ by money order

My name is _____

I live at _____

The city is _____

KINGORA
Exclusive
fashioned by *Barbara*

Oreck's

DULUTH 2. MINN.

Make News with

By NANCY PEPPER Fashion Editor

YOU'LL be way ahead of fashion if you knit yourself these very 1945 sweaters and accessories. For free instruction leaflet, including all styles on these pages, even the dirndl skirt, please send large stamped, addressed envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Turtle-neck, tuck-in sweater with dirndl skirt is a coming event that is casting its shadow right now. Knit the sweater of Chadwick's Red Heart Wool Floss, make the skirt of Wesco's Serg-A-Hed (instruction leaflet includes skirt directions) and whittle your waistline with a studded polo belt by Belt Modes. Top it off with a crocheted Eton cap. You'll look as smooth as our Nancy Dorn, fifteen-year-old Brooklyn high schooler.



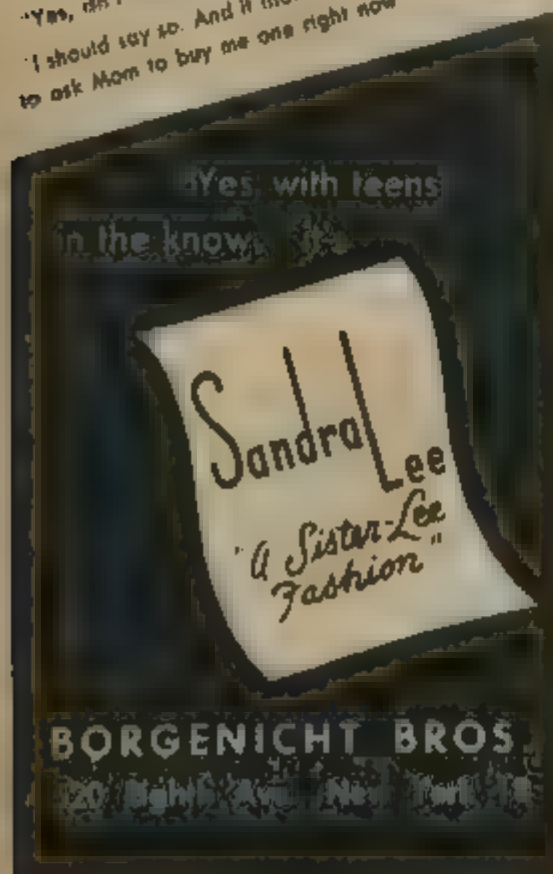
"Look at that gang over there, Sus, wonder what's up?"
Me, too let's go see what's cooking "



"Well, what do you know it's Mary Lou. She was never popular before. Suppose she's sick or somethin'?"
"Heck, no they're admiring her SANDRA LEE dress!"



"Yes, isn't that a cute number?"
"I should say so. And if that's what it does, I'm going to ask Mom to buy me one right now."



your needles



Top—Classic pull-on with embroidered good luck symbols. Doris Parsons, seventeen year old member of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** fashion staff, wears it. Center—Everybody will wear knitted stocking caps this fall—and so will everyone's O. A. O. Left—Cover Girl Jackie Macmillan wears square-neckline, sleeveless sweater, and belts in pairs. Stone-studded leather accessories created by Belt Modes.

ANN RUTHERFORD

glamorous Hollywood star featured in "Bedside Manner," an Andrew Stone Production



Overnight...

YOU'LL HAVE

LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with *one* application of this famous **3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT**

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous! Cover a with, accentuate the natural color tones of your hair with a ear, sparklingly glossy, refreshed radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well groomed. Today—try all three of the famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original **Mange Medicine**—**GLOVER Beauty Shampoo**—Glover's **Imperial Hair Dress**. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for all three products in a tamperably sealed postpaid package in special carton with **FREE** booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

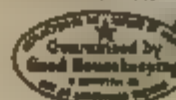


1. Apply Glover's **Mange Medicine** with message for **Itchy Scalp** and **Excessive Falling Hair**.
2. Wash hair with **GLOVER Beauty Shampoo** (hard or soft water). Makes hair soft, lustrous, manageable.
3. Use Glover's **Imperial Hair Dress** for soft and hair—It's hair dressing and oil in one.

Your hair will be Lovelier with

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with message for **DANDRUFF, AN ITCHING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR**



Glover's, 10 W 31st St Dept 509 New York 1 N Y. Send complete 3-Way Application package in postpaid wrapper by return mail, with coupon Glover's Medical 3-Way Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress in separate envelopes. A informative **FREE** booklet, 1 envelope 25c.

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Address _____

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BY RAY CANILL

You'll be dating
aplenty in this checked Charbelle
beauty... with a dress-up collar
and reed-slim midriff of
luscious transparent velvet.

At leading stores
everywhere.

About \$8

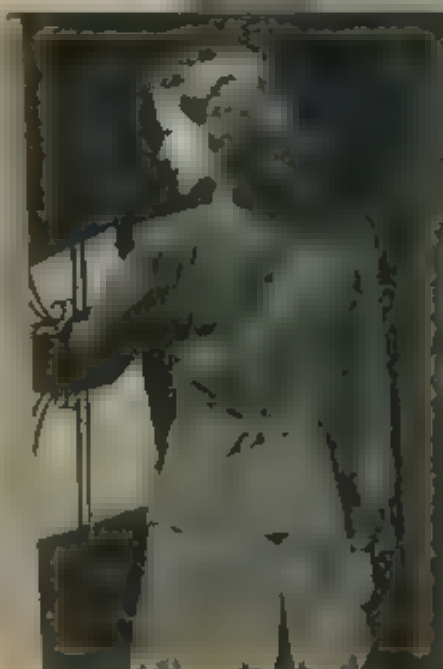
JUNIORETTE sizes
10 to 16

division of the RAINBOW C. D. Co.
520 Eighth Ave. New York 18, N. Y.

1st for fall— the Johnny Jacket



Above—Jackie Macmillan in Derby's
wool Johnny Jacket suit, about \$17 She's
admiring her Mighty Midget wallet.



Below—This month's Cover Girl, 14-
year-old Janet Regan, wears the Johnny
Jacket two-piece dress by Teenset that
you see in Pepper Pink on the front
cover. The rayon fabric is Tecadet by
Labtax. Teen sizes 10 to 16, only about \$8



LAST year we predicted a big
fad for the loafer jacket—
and you certainly made our pre-
diction come true. For 1945 we
predict a neater, slimmer suit
silhouette, as introduced in our
Johnny Jacket suit with its
Johnny collar, trench coat detail,
shirt sleeves, front buttoning,
trim belt, and softly bloused back.
Look for it in teen departments
of most of the Official Headquar-
ters Stores listed on another page.

WE'RE BEAMING AT You!

YES, CALLING ALL GIRLS is beaming at you—and you—and you! How? Over the air-waves of a radio station near you. When? Well, that varies—consult the teen department of your local CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Store



More and more of Johnny Johnston is what you've been clamoring for. And you'll hear him soon over this program.

(the list is on page 58 of this issue). Who? Nancy Pepper, your fashion editor; Jenny Jabberwocky, the gay gal who gives with jive lingo; Tom Shirley, the announcer with a smile in his voice; New York casts dramatizing thrilling stories. And there are guest stars whom you've heard about—now you can hear them in person. The CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air is on the radio beams every week, and you'll be on the beam, too, when you listen to it.

Oh-oh! We haven't told you all of it! The stores which sponsor the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air are on the beam about teen-age styles and gadgets, and they'll give you special news of what's new for you. Fashion shows, special features, styles, good buys—you'll hear about them all. If no store near you has the program as yet, write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and tell her the name of your favorite center for teen-age styles. Could be you'll start some solid sending!

THEY'RE VERSATILE

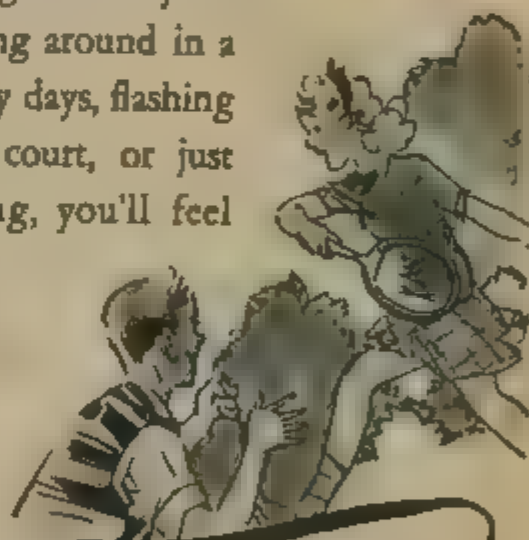
These
**Red Goose
Shoes**



Whatever you may like to do, you'll find that RED GOOSE SHOES fit right into your schedule. Whether you're lolling around in a shady hammock these long lazy days, flashing about on a sun-baked tennis court, or just mosing along with the gang, you'll feel your feet taking it free and easy in the foot-caressing snugness and flexibility of RED GOOSE SHOES.

* * *

Go to the dealer who features
RED GOOSE SHOES... or
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Whether it's for everyday or dress-up wear...
there's a RED GOOSE SHOE for every occasion.



This is
Red Goose
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Red Goose Shoes

RED GOOSE DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.



This is
Red Goose
Style #3160-1



"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

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"TEENS"



Real roughneck pants that are hep to the needs of today's active miss. You'll love them for hiking, camping, loafing or what have you. In Mexican blue denim with reinforced red stitching. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$3

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Madcap* Velvet Circlet

About 4.00
At Leading Stores

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Madcaps*
NEW YORK

28 W. 39th Street

LAST YEAR the Carter Underwear people asked your fashion editor, Nancy Pepper, to help create lingerie for YOU. Nancy called on the 1,800 teen-agers who, as CALLING ALL GIRLS Hi-Style Scouts serve as her associate fashion editors. In a special questionnaire they agreed that children's underwear was too babyish; grown-up underwear didn't fit or suit. Thanks to their suggestions, Carter's junior-size underwear is to the Teens' Taste!

thanks to the
Hi-Style Scouts for
*Teen Type
Undies*



Mabel McCracken, 15, from Staten Island, N. Y., is one of the 1,800 Hi-Style Scouts largely responsible for Carter's Teen Type undies. At left, Mabel at work on the questionnaire. Above: Mabel drools over the finished collection.

Sketched from top to bottom: Lacy gown, short P.J.'s, heart-trimmed slip and panty. They are all of Celanese rayon knit, priced from \$1.25 to \$4. Carter's Juniors available in only a few stores as yet. Write for where-to-buy information if they're just what you're looking for.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 16)

not happen to come from homes where there is a lot of money, for example, and who cannot therefore entertain in grand style, have no reason to feel "inferior." By the same count, just because Catherine happens to belong to a family where economic conditions are better, her friends have no reason to set her apart as being either "too good" or "not good enough" for them. Unless girls with different home advantages try to understand each other's position, there are likely to be strains such as Catherine and her friends have felt.

What makes friendships click? Enjoying being together, sharing good times, standing by in time of trouble, loyalty, consideration, forgiveness. (No one group can claim itself the only possessor of these characteristics.) Sincere outgoing interest in and devotion to others shine through in a thousand and one ways. By her attitude and her behavior a girl can make it quite clear to her friends that she values what they and their folks stand for, and that she is really desirous of broadening her own horizon through friendships with many different kinds of people. When she does that, she may, with justice, expect them to turn about and try to understand and appreciate her for what she is.

There are all sorts of little social circles in which we learn to move as we grow older—home, school, camp, club, church, with fellow workers on our jobs, with friends of the family, and so on and on. Lucky the person who finds it possible to attract to herself kindred spirits with whom to share genuine friendships! Through planned gatherings at home or outside, as well as through informal get-togethers of many kinds, Catherine should be able to offer others continued comradeship—not on the basis of social status, wealth or privilege, but because one human being wants to call another human being "friend."

THAT NEW NEW NEW LOOK

that Lux Look



THIS DRESS HAS
ACTUALLY BEEN
LUXED 18 TIMES—
still looks like new!

This smart cotton dress was Luxed and ironed 18 times. It still looks lovely—like new!

It pays to give washables the gentle Lux care which keeps them lovely so much longer. Washing tests show

that Lux care keeps colors lovely up to 3 times longer.

Avoid harsh washday methods. Strong soap, hot water, rough handling may make colors fade and run. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Soap contains vital war materials... DON'T WASTE IT!

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Right on the beam—
new Pre-teen

If you're 10 to 14—
if you want grown-up
allure for your
wardrobe, then ask for
Pre-Teen Fashions at
your favorite store.
They glamorize,
slenderize, fit your
figure perfectly.

Illustrated: Style #879
in perla soft Feather
Finerie, by COHAMA
3-tone letter motif with
matching buttons.
Sophisticated lines,
noy waistline. In
Sunflower, New Blue,
Coral, Aqua. Pre-teen
sizes 10-12-14.
about \$6.00

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FASHIONS

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Be Lovelier To Look At...



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Your sweaters look smarter
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POINTERS ON PICNICS

Rain or shine, you're off to a per-
fect picnic if you remember these
good-time tips as well as the lunch

By MARTHA ROSS

DO YOU like ants in your
sandwiches and sand in-
stead of salt on your hard-boiled
eggs? Sure you do—that is if
they're served on a blanket and
labeled picnic. There's prob-
ably something wrong with us
all to make us think that's fun,
but we do and it is—until some
simple Susan comes along who
doesn't know the rules of the
game. Some people might think
that this picnic game has no
rules, that it's just a chance to
get out in the wide open spaces
and be yourself. Ah, but watch
the antics of some picnic pests
and see if you don't really think
there are some pretty definite
rules. And by picnic pests, we
don't mean only ants, bees, and
sundry. The pests we have in
mind get invited to the picnic
the first time—after that, well!

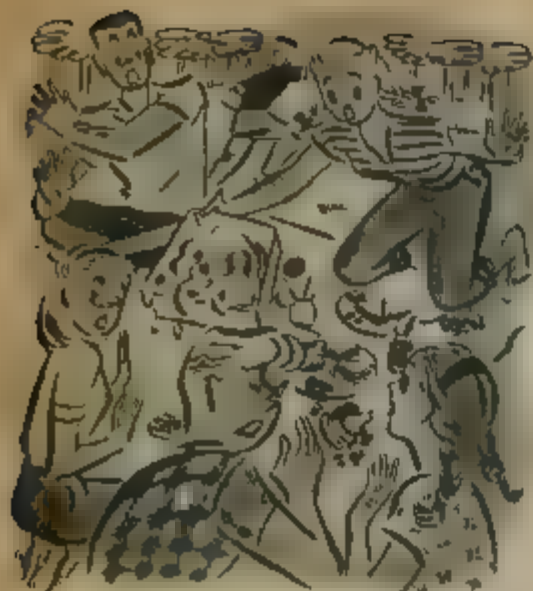
Filly Milly shows up for the picnic in an
outfit that would do credit to the plushiest
lawn party. But with all her trimmings,
she's as welcome in this hardy group
as rain, since her clothes put a damper on
everyone's roughing-it-in-the-open ideas.
Those in the know wear clothes that can
stand any fence hopping or mounton
climbing necessary for a successful picnic.



Clinging Clara thinks the boys are going
to carry her gear and generally kowtow
to her as if they were going to a dance.
The right gals carry their own lunches,
produce their own carfare, and fend for
themselves. And they don't expect to
be called for or taken home (though when
that does happen, so much the better).

Languid Lucy is sounding off. She's hot,
she's tired, she won't go on. She's thinking
sympathetic thoughts about the guy who
first said of some tough task, "This is no pic-
nic." Anyway she's managing to spoil every-
one's fun. Well, what did you expect, Lucy?
Chair bearers waving fans? Sorry, we're
fresh out of them. Lazy ladies shouldn't
venture from their steamer chairs at home.





Huzzah, they made it! Ready to eat, they are, and what did Witless Winnie bring? Some goosy confection which has dissolved en route into an unappetizing mess. Winnie didn't stop to think that cookies or fruit or a well-packed cake would stand up better under the heat and jouncing.

There's K.P. to do—but where's Good-time Gertie? She's disappeared chasing butter flies in yonder field. She's one social butterfly who will be left off the next picnic list.



This is not the city dump. This is the wreckage of a once-lovely picnic grove. A party of picnic poets has just passed through. They had their fun and didn't bother to clean up the evidence. Pity the people who follow you and leave the land as you found it or better. You might want to come back to this spot someday yourself.



Are you in the know?



What would you do about this back view?

- ☐ Wear a shawl
- ☐ Go informally
- ☐ Make up the difference

If your swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your daintiness, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a deodorant.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.



Is the pattern of this sport jacket—

- ☐ Gun Club Check
- ☐ Glen Plaid
- ☐ Herringbone

Notice your date's new dud! He's probably duked up just for you. So if his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the confidence that Kotex sanitary napkins give. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. And you get extra protection with that patented safety center of Kotex!

Should a house-guest make her own bed?

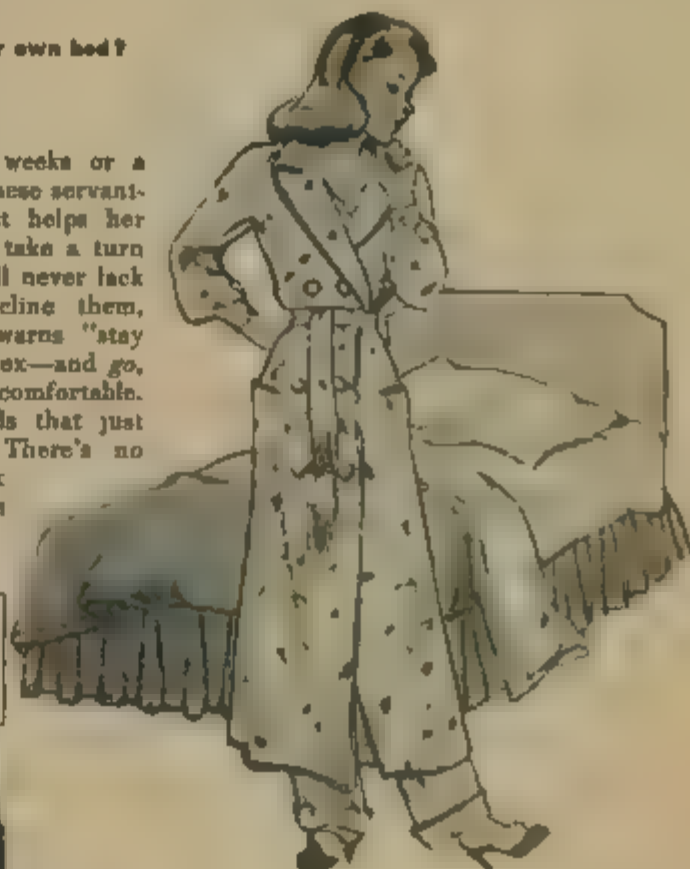
- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is yes, these servant-less days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and go, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex is the napkin that actually stays soft while wearing!

Now—A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin



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More women choose KOTEX®
than all other sanitary napkins put together



**Hankie
Trix**

By

BURMEL

Write today for
your new free book-
let of Burmel Hankie
Trix w/ty
wizardry that turns
handkerchiefs into
your pet accessory
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chiefs are on sale
at leading stores
everywhere. Sorry,
no direct orders
filled



WHEWW... WHEWW... be quite
a "dish" in a sarongie apron deftly pocketed
with two gay Burmel hankies. Tie one end of
your Burmel hanky into a soft knot. Stitch the
two long sides into a V shape.

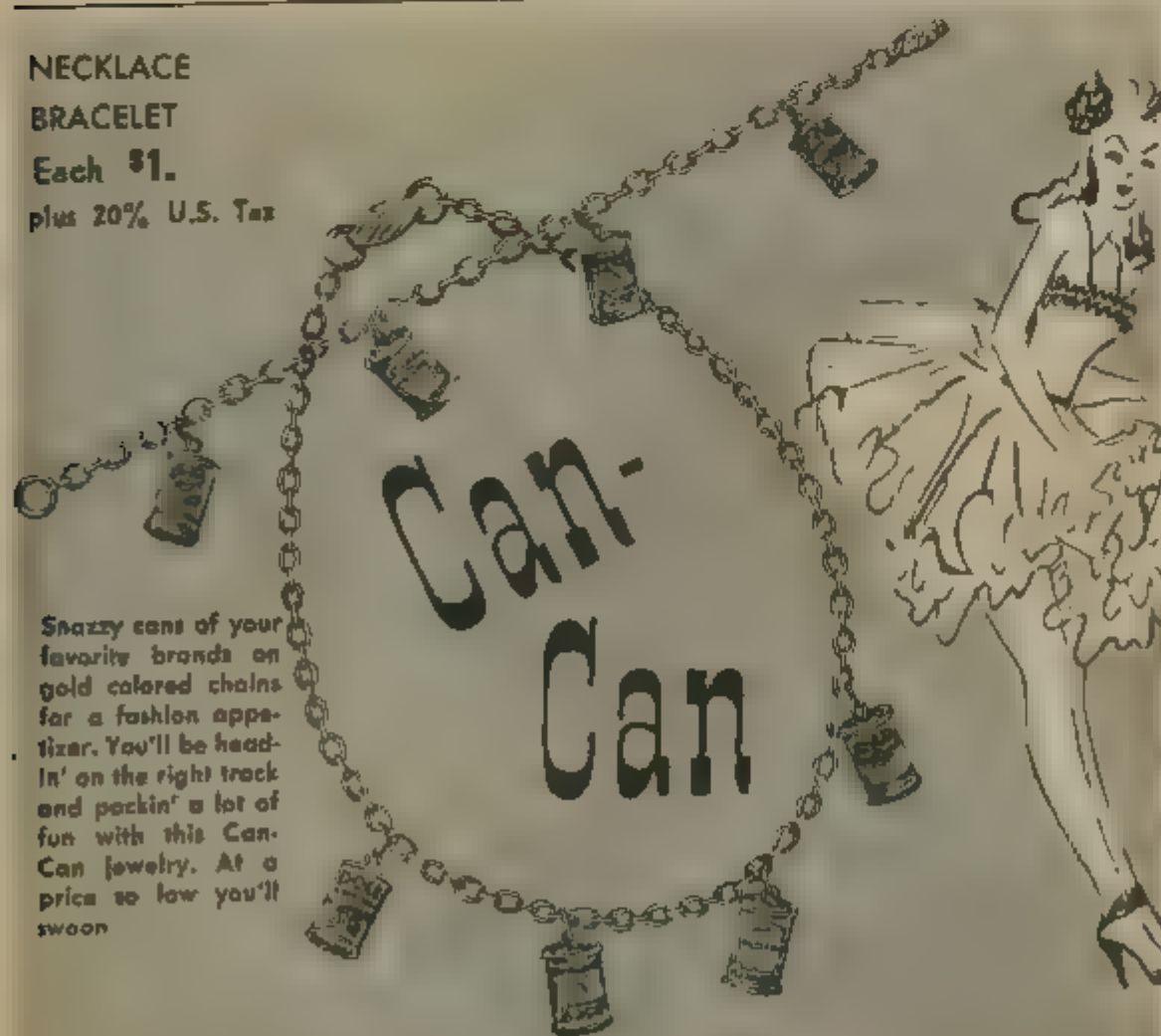
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price so low you'll
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MYSTERY OF THE LOST VILLAGE

(Continued from page 12)

lunch on, and there's . . ."

"Nick!" Rusty said. "It's Nick, but what's the matter with him, Toby?"

On the ledge some distance below them Crinkles stood beside Nick, who sat rocking back and forth, his hands gripped about his leg. Crinkles kept up a steady, shrill barking. Again and again he flung back his head to look up the side of the cliff where the boys had disappeared after Muff's excited message.

"Hello, below!" Toby shouted, but Nick didn't hear. He cupped his hands about his mouth. "Hello, Nick! What's wrong?"

Crinkles stopped barking, and looked up. Nick kept up the curious rocking motion.

"He's hurt!" Rusty cried, grabbing Toby's arm. "Toby, that big rock wasn't on the ledge at noon! It's rolled down! Maybe it hit Nick!"

Toby shouted again, and this time Nick looked up. He answered something, but the sound was carried away down the canyon. He motioned to the rock, and to his leg. Crinkles broke into furious barking, dashing back and forth like mad on the ledge.

Getting down from the upper cave was a maddening puzzle because of the crevice that separated the two great crags. Rusty and Toby scrambled over rocks, slid down to perilous footholds in the cliff's side, only to find they would have to climb up again.

"There has to be a safe way down somewhere," Toby said. "The Indians lived up here ages ago, and they had a path down to the river. Just give me time. I'll find it."

"But Nick's hurt!" Rusty said desperately. "Look over there, Toby. If you could swing yourself over to that other rock you could get down on the other side."

Toby leaned over and looked down into the deep fissure that

parted the two great jags of rock. He made a face.

"Swing?" he said. "Leap, you mean. Well, maybe. I reckon a mountain lion could do it. What about you?"

"I'll be right on your heels!" said Rusty recklessly.

She closed her eyes when she saw Toby brace himself, crouch, and jump. When she opened them again, he was standing upright on the other side, a crooked grin on his face.

"Whew!" He mopped his brow.

"Was it awful?" Rusty asked.

"No need for you to try it," Toby said. "You chase back to the cabin. Bring Cy along. I'll go down to Nick."

"That isn't fair," Rusty said. "I made you jump."

"Nuts!" said Toby. "Be seeing you!"

Turning back, Rusty found it a slow and nerve-racking task to retrace the dark passage without the aid of Toby's flashlight. They hadn't seen Bob after they came out of the cave. Where had he gone? She felt her way along the walls, and at last her hands touched the rough steps leading up to the door. She scrambled up them hastily, and turned the knob. The door was locked.

There was nothing for it but to return through the cave to the opening, and get down the way Toby had done. Either someone had entered the cabin from the mesa and locked the door, Rusty thought as she groped her way along the sandstone wall, or Bob had hidden in the passage and returned to the cabin while Toby and she were trying to reach Nick.

She was back in the lighter part of the cave now, where the single passage opened into many others, confusing her. She stopped suddenly to listen. There it was again, the sound of someone moving just around the corner. And then across her path, grotesquely slanted by the rays of the sinking sun, Rusty saw the shadow of a man, a man in a wide-brimmed sombrero. As she stared at it, too frightened to move, the shadow glided slowly forward.

(To be continued)

Tessie played tennis... Her strokes were alarming



But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair tidy and charming

• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends... and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

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"The bobby pins that HOLD"

AN ORIGINAL
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For Back to School

—so young
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**Something New
IN SANITARY NAPKINS!**

**Gives you so much
extra comfort!**

When we say new—we mean *really NEW!* SANAPAK is designed to give you the utmost in comfort and sanitary protection. Cotton-faced for extra comfort! Made with three pink "safety layers" for triple protection! Tapered ends to fit without bulging! *All at no extra cost.*

**SANAPAK GIVES YOU
Triple-Protection!**

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!



REGISTERED OR A SIMILAR MARK
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
a seal of
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

JUNIOR STAR

(Continued from page 7)

Brooklyn." She loved her role of Judy in this picture.

Peggy Ann's tastes are much like those of all girls her age. She goes in for skirts and blouses, and white anklets. Her movie favorites include Van Johnson and John Hodiak. She likes movies, and goes with the neighborhood girls every Friday night. She and her friends spend much of the week ends at the beach, and vie with one another for the darkest tan. At the Westport Beach Club the salt-water pool is a great attraction, and Peggy Ann is an excellent swimmer.

Almost as popular as swimming is ice skating on the Westwood rink. Peggy Ann has a secret ambition to be a real expert and has won medals in juvenile competition.

"I like to ride horseback, too, and play tennis," Peggy Ann said. "I like cats and horses and dogs. We have a dog. He is only a mutt, half spaniel and half something else. His name is Wags, and he has black circles around his eyes like spectacles."

School on the studio lot is lonely for Peggy Ann. She's the only one in 8A, but she'll be ready for high school this fall.

Peggy Ann adores swing music and boogie-woogie, and turns off the records or the radio only when her parents insist. She's an only child. Her father is in Army Intelligence, stationed in Los Angeles, and the family lives in Beverly Hills.

Peggy Ann's straight hair gives her distinction in pictures because it adds naturalness to her roles. But at the grand opening of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," she had her first real formal, and put her hair up in curlers. In "Junior Miss" she has a chance to wear smart teen-age clothes, so she has a smooth hair-do to match them.

Peggy Ann isn't through with tears on the screen. But she has other and happier acting talents, too, and you just watch! Any day now Peggy Ann will turn on the smiles for you!

Very Cool for Summer—Yes, a bathing suit is cool! If yours is too short for you, you can lengthen it by sewing a strip of the same kind of material in any bright harmonizing color to the bottom of the skirt. Embroider your friends' names on it, for that personal touch.—*Jane Railton, Port Colborne, Ont.* You have a new beach bag that's not waterproof? Just line it with a piece cut from an old, outgrown rain cape. A piece of a discarded shower curtain would work just as well to keep dampness from wet towels and suit from seeping through the bag.—*Joan Hedeon, St. Paul, Minn.* If the legs of your jeans won't stay put when you roll them up, pin them with huge blanket pins painted with nail polish. Practical and also smart!—*Doris Weber, Sheboygan, Wis.* Girls who wear liquid "stockings" may want to try adding a "seam" up the back of the leg with eyebrow pencil. But it's still important to keep the seam straight!—*Bernice Jungle, Natrona, Pa.*

Blossom Time—Blossom time on your lapel, with a tiny per-

TRICKS for TEENS

fume bottle tied with a ribbon and pinned to your lapel to hold a flower and the water to keep it fresh.—*Barbara J. Hughes, West Point, N. Y.* Or you might try wearing the cap from a fountain pen clipped in your buttonhole upside down to serve

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

the same flower-full purpose.—*Theresa De Chant, Elyria, Ohio* And blossom time on your ankle, with tiny real or artificial flowers tucked into the buckle of your baby-doll shoes.—*J. L. Gregory, Chase City, Va.*

Purse-fectly Silly—Find the largest safety pin and the smallest baby bootie you can. Pin the bootie—it should be the drawstring kind—to your lapel, and you have a novel coin purse for your loose change.—*Frieda Hennigh, Fordland, Mo.* Take a toy gun holster, paint designs on it, and wear it on your belt for a purse.—*Kathleen Furdon, Fairfield, Conn.* A discarded eyeglass case, the stiff kind with a spring to keep it shut, makes a snappy coin purse. The cover takes nicely to paint or nail polish.—*Geneva Webber, Hugoton, Kans.* And for a full-sized purse that's unusual and cute, take a cuddly toy teddy bear, slit the back, remove the stuffing from the body (leave the legs and head plump), insert a lining and a zipper, and presto—a new fad!—*Barbara Foster, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.*



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AND Date In

Cloud-stuff, really, because it's

WARREN. Ulster-style with

convertible collar and Cozy-Cuffs

wristlets to spoof the wind.

Charming colors. Sizes 10 to 16.

About \$30.

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<i>Higbee Co.</i>	Cleveland, O.
<i>F & R Lazarus & Co.</i>	Columbus, O.
<i>Eldon & Johnston</i>	Dayton, O.
<i>May Co.</i>	Denver, Colo.
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<i>Gimbel Bros.</i>	Philadelphia, Pa.
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<i>Famous-Barr Co.</i>	St. Louis, Mo.
<i>Schneeman & Inc.</i>	St. Paul, Minn.
<i>Auerbach Co.</i>	Spring Lake City, Wis.
<i>Albert Steigler Co.</i>	Springfield, Mass.
<i>The Hecht Co.</i>	Washington, D. C.
<i>Strauss-Kirshberg's</i>	Youngstown, O.

or write for name of store nearest you



Room to Call Your Own—And why don't you give it a tricky name, and then always refer to your room by that name? Soon your family and friends will be doing it too, and what a special feeling you'll get when they say, "I guess she's in 'The Blue Beyond'!"—*Mary S. Melton, Lebanon, Tenn.* Put a strikingly-shaped gourd on the outside of your door for a knocker.—*Corinne Ranney, Washington, Ill.* Or hang a cluster of little bells there with bright ribbon. Either way, you'll encourage the others in the family to signal before they enter.—*Natalie Botton, Boston, La.* Brighten up your window and your state of mind by fastening tiny felt flowers across the bottom of your window shade—you can tack them to the wooden bottom-piece.—*Patricia Robischung, Kalamazoo, Mich.* And if your curtains flap and get soiled against the screen, fasten them back with those bent spoons you've been using for bracelets.—*Ruth Clow, Brockville, Ont.*

More Room to Call Your Own—Save space in your room, and make yourself a dressing table, too, by extending the ledge of your window sill (better ask your family before you start driving nails) with a piece of board or plywood, painting the new, wide shelf, and hanging a dressing-table skirt from it. You get fine light on it that way, and it looks pretty, too.—*Genevieve Michalik, Hammond, Ind.* Get an ordinary wooden packing box, hinge the cover and one side, line the box with cloth or paper, pad the top, and cover the outside. Then run a pole—an old broomstick can be sawed down to fit—from side to side inside the box. You have a space-saving and good-looking window seat for your room; you can hang blouses inside, and they will stay fresh and clean.—*Anne Lewis, Salina, Kans.*

Gay Somethings—Take a giant horse-blanket pin, and put it on your lapel. Under it put a smaller safety pin, under that a still smaller one, and so on down. Tricky and cute!—*Geraldine Bonfante, Bloomfield, N. J.* Or, for a change, wear your lapel pin on your skirt at about knee-level.—*Joanne Benson, Radford, Va.* And—here it is—pickle-forks bent around your wrist are newer than spoons!—*Lila Dupee, Winchester, Mass.*



By Golly!

Buy



S-m-o-o-t-h! DEE-vinely comfortable! Get Golly Wogs with all rubber or all leather heels and soles. They wear and wear! \$3 and \$4.

Look in your phone directory or write for your dealer's name.



No. 4828

PETERS DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY ST. LOUIS, MO.
Makers of "Weatherized" WEATHER-BIRD Shoes

THE YOUNG IDEA

(Continued from page 8)

Mackellar yard to the street. "Your father's swell," Clare remarked.

"Oh, sure," Suzie agreed. "Only thing is, he thinks anything can be fixed up by adding a buck to the budget."

"Well," Clare defended Pops, "name three things that can't."

Mom and Pops were fine, Suzie reflected as she paid for Clare's ticket, too, since she was flush. If she'd had her choice of parents, she'd have picked them. The only thing was that all parents were so far removed from life. Pops and his roses, Mom and her knitting.

"Golly!" Clare nudged her enthusiastically. "Look who's coming tomorrow!"

The previews flashed on, showing Jimmie Huesen. Suzie was glad of the protecting darkness when a heavy feminine voice just behind her remarked acidly, "Listen to the bobby-soxers yell now!"

And then the voice of Miss

Bader, the science teacher, cut through the darkness.

"Why not? He's a mighty attractive lad. Knock twenty years off my age and twenty pounds off my frame and I'd do my share of yelling. I can remember a nation of gals swooning over a slick-haired gent named Rudolph Valentino."

The heavy voice replied with a giggle, "Oh, boy, so can I. Was my mother ever worked up over that! I saw 'The Four Horsemen' eight times."

Miss Bader dissented. "I liked 'The Sheik' better. We were really something in those days. The age of the flapper and the drugstore cowboy."

There were a few shhs's, and Miss Bader and Heavy Voice subsided as the feature began. Suzie hardly knew whether the hero won the heroine, for her mind was whirling. Miss Bader wasn't any younger than Mom and Pops. Yet she had talked about flappers and drugstore

cowboys. Mom a flapper! Pops a drugstore cowboy! It wasn't possible. Still, there had been a ring of authority in the science teacher's voice. *Drugstore cowboy* was cute, at that.

In the middle of the comedy, Suzie dragged the protesting Clare out of the theater to follow the science teacher and her friend. Like everybody else in Monroe, they sauntered down the street to the Sweet Shop for a soda after the show.

Suzie hesitated beside Miss Bader's booth. "That about the flappers," Suzie mumbled. "Was that really true?"

The science teacher grinned. "True? My dear Suzie, we were the despair of the nation. If all the editorials written about the younger generation when I was a member of it were laid end to end, the bobby-soxers would brush themselves off and feel pretty prim."

She waved Suzie and Clare into the booth and got to her

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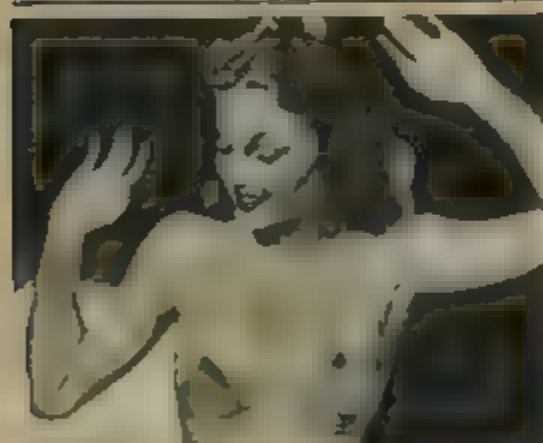
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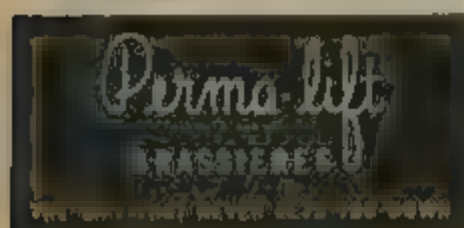
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feet. Suzie didn't see just what she did with her coat, but suddenly it was switched here and pushed there until it was no longer a sensible coat on a sensible woman.

"This," said Miss Bader, "is the flapper's twitch." Before Suzie's fascinated eyes, one hip twitched down, the other twitched up, the coat was clutched on the side of the protruding hip. "And," assured Miss Bader solemnly, "this is the way we stood all the time. All the time. We were sure it gave us S.A.—sex appeal, to you—and the most important thing in a flapper's life. Our mothers were sure it would give us round shoulders and permanently dislocated hips."

The science teacher's friend laughed. "All you need is a boy in hand-painted yellow slicker and bell-bottomed trousers and you'd be ready to burst into the Charleston."

"Charleston?" Suzie echoed.

"The Charleston was a dance we did whenever and wherever we got the chance," Miss Bader told her. "We Charlestoned in the high school halls, on street corners while we waited for the streetcar, everywhere. It was the doggonedest dance you ever saw."

Suzie and Clare drank their sodas and listened round-eyed to the stories of the 1920's. Marathon dances, Stutz Bearcats with red leather bucket seats, flivvers covered with disrespectful advice, raccoon coats, patent-leather hair for boys and shingled hair for girls, red-hot mamas, editorials and magazine articles about flappers...

"Why did they call the girls flappers?" asked Clare.

Miss Bader wasn't sure. "But I think it was because of the galoshes," she said. "We wore galoshes with metal fasteners that hooked. The style was to leave the fasteners undone, to the horror of our mothers, and stride down the street. Any girl worth her salt could make those galoshes bang at every step."

"Suzie, do you think our parents were really like that?" asked Clare as they finally left Miss Bader to her musing.

"I don't know," Suzie replied as she turned into her gate. "But I'm going to find out."

When Suzie banged the screen door, Pops looked up.

"Good show?"

"I guess so," Suzie brushed the movie aside. "Pops, what was it like when you were young?"

Pops pulled in his stomach and straightened his tie. "Good night, Suzie, don't talk as though I chummed around with Lincoln!"

"I'm just beginning to find out it wasn't back in the days ages," Suzie admitted.

Mom smiled over her knitting. "Frankly I don't think we'd dare tell you, Suzie. Your father was the biggest flirt in town."

"Next to your mother," Pops interrupted. "I remember the Pi Omicron dance."

"Pooh!" Mom disposed of the Pi Omicron dance. "How about the Sophomore Frolic?"

"But didn't Pops take you to all the dances?"

"Dear me, no!" Mom shook her head violently. "He couldn't see me for dirt I wept more than once over him."

"Sure she did," Pops said comfortably. "I was hot stuff."

"Well, when did you start going together?" asked Suzie.

"Oh, at one of the dances," Mom replied. "I'll never forget that night as long as I live. The boy I was going with came down with the mumps at the last minute. I had a new dress—oh, very kitish, it was. Black satin, and heavily beaded."

"The skirt was scalloped," Pops added suddenly. Mom flashed him a pleased-to-thank-you'd-remember look.

"Anyway, I had this new dress, and my mother couldn't see any point in my staying home. So she made my father take me to the dance. I could have died! Mother was so sure I'd be happy showing off the new dress, and all I wanted to do was cut my own throat before going to a formal dance with my father. It was almost as bad as going with your brother..." Mom's voice died in her throat, and a flush spread over

her face. She looked apologetically at Suzie.

"But her mother made her go, and then I took pity on her," Pops said condescendingly. "I found her crying under the potted palms. Somebody had been teasing her about her father. Kids in those days couldn't stand teasing about beaux at that age any more than they can now." Pops looked at Suzie, and suddenly the tips of his ears got red. "Glory, honey, you're that age now. I'm—I'm sorry."

"Don't be goony, Pops." Suzie flashed her best smile. "Go on."

"And her old man didn't know any more about Charlestoning than a chickadee," said Pops, "so I wiped her eyes for her and asked her to dance."

"And I was an expert," Mom added, a bit smugly.

"You were the bee's knees. She was so good," Pops assured Suzie, "that I yanked her around with me all the time, not knowing when I might care for a touch of Charlestoning. Besides, she knew all the verses of 'Yes, We Have No Bananas'."

Pops rose to his feet and pulled Mom out of her chair. "You sit down, Miss Mackellar, and we will show you dancing as she was did in our conservative, old-fashioned time."

Pops began to hum a tune, coming out strong on the word Charleston, and Mom and he solemnly started to dance. Suzie decided one of the rules must be to keep a poker face while throwing around your legs from the knee down in a way to suggest that they didn't belong to the rest of your body.

They got along splendidly until Charlie came home and stood staring.

"What's the matter with 'em?" he demanded, and Mom and Pops did look so exactly like pleasant people suddenly afflicted with a terrible nervous disease that they began to laugh uproariously.

"That's what our parents always wanted to know," said Pops, collapsing into a chair.

"Come on, Suze," Mom panted. "We need something nice and cool to drink after that."



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"Mom," said Suzie when they were alone in the kitchen, "about that Far Hills dance."

"I was thinking about that," Mom interrupted. "The only reason you haven't been asked is because lots of the young chaps around here are still not quite sure how to go about asking. If we could get you there in a perfectly respectable way, you'd have fun." Mom thought and then shrieked, "I've got it! Your cousin Joe! He's going to be in Pemberville with his folks on leave next week. We'll ask him here for the week end."

"Oh, Mom! A cousin is almost as bad as a brother! Besides, he's scrawny and freckled."

"Not any more he isn't," Mom protested. "There's no such thing as a scrawny ensign. Don't forget, Joe will be in his summer whites."

Suzie's eyes began to sparkle. "Could I have a white formal?"

"You could," Mom promised. "And remember, there's a definite advantage to attending a dance with an Older Man. Joe's all of twenty-two."

Suzie waltzed Mom around the kitchen. "Oh, he'll be so sophisticated!"

"I know another ice-breaking secret," Mom said. "We'll have a small dinner before the dance. Say, Clare and Larry and two other couples. Then you all go to the dance together." Suzie's eyes were admiring, but Mom shrugged modestly. "Oldest trick in the world."

Pops poked his head through the swinging door. "Hey, you girls making a drink or planning the downfall of the male sex?"

"A little of both," Mom assured him.

"This'll cost me money," Pops groaned. "I can always tell."

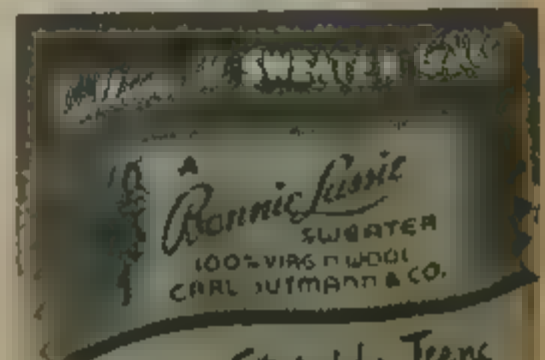
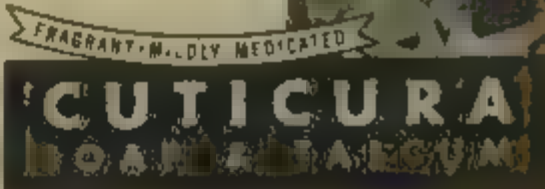
"Yep," said Suzie. "It's going to be a terrific downfall," and she hugged them both.

Pops was still Pops, and Mom was still Mom. But where in the world, wondered Suzie, had she ever got the idea they were old and far away from life?? Bee's knees, hot stuff, S. A.! They could even produce the United States Navy out of a hat when it was needed most.

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Plus exciting stories and helpful features—as usual.

COOKIE TOSSES OFF A SALAD

(Continued from page 34)

GREEN salad" can mean practically anything you like to eat raw, plus other tidbits.

The best head of lettuce, Boston, romaine, or iceberg, will be heavy, light in color; watercress, dark green and crisp; endive and Chinese cabbage, white and heavy. Chicory and escarole are loose heads from which you eat the hearts.

Wash, wash, and wash—nothing is less appetizing than grit in a salad! If you're using lettuce the same day, take the head apart, get each leaf scrupulously clean, discard the coarse or damaged ones, and put what you plan to use in the chiller or in a lettuce bag in the icebox.

Before you put them in the salad bowl, you will want to tear your greens into manageable bites. That's the trick, tear—don't cut. Maybe it's just an age-old superstition, but metal is supposed to taint the flavor of the leaves. Hence the wooden bowl, fork, and spoon.

Now what else? Here's where the fun begins, and no two salads need ever be alike. Try tomatoes, peeled and quartered, not sliced because their juice dilutes the dressing; celery; slices of cucumber and radishes; carrots, grated or cut in shoestring strips; scallions peeled and cut in little chunks; florets of cauliflower. Other good touches are sliced hard-cooked eggs, strips of green pepper, sliced olives, and bits of anchovy or crisp bacon. Diced or sliced alligator pear makes a delicious addition.

Chef's Salad

Rub your bowl with a cut clove of garlic. Add your torn greens. Choose among your trimmers, making sure to include hard-cooked eggs, anchovies, olives and tomatoes. Then cap the climax. Cut a slice of Swiss cheese in little shoestring strips. Do the same thing with a slice of boiled ham. Sprinkle these strips through your salad, toss with French dressing, and you have a delicious summer meal.

For all-and-vinegar-plus ideas that lift even plain lettuce to tops in fanciness, send for "The Dressing of the Green," to Junior Housekeeping, Department 21, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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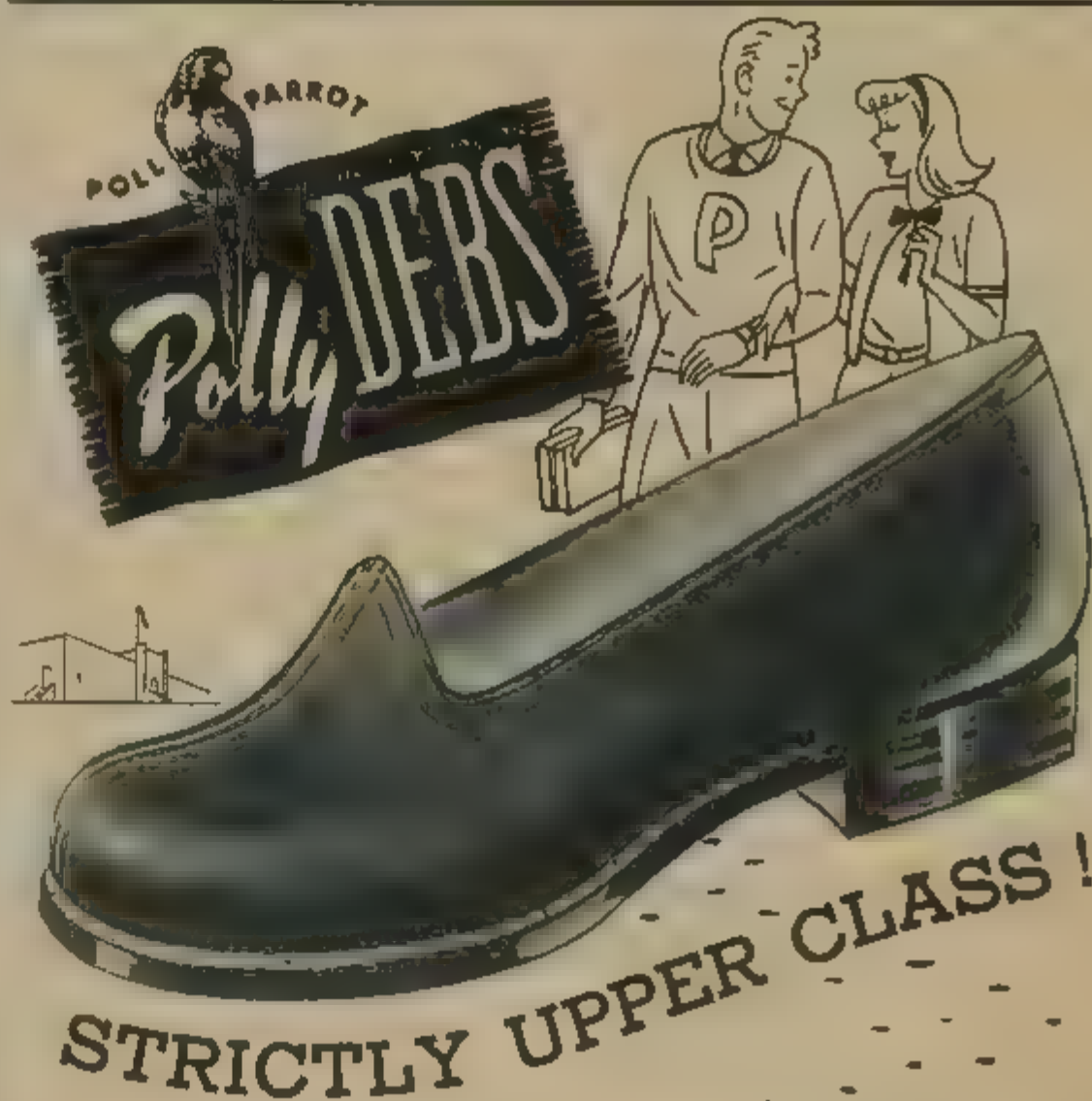
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his stomach first thing." Connie poked him playfully below the ribs. "Feels pretty solid to me," she told him.

"Park Alphonse under a tree and come help me spread the lunch, Connie." Peggy was already busy putting things in order. "You boys had better gather some wood for a fire." She hummed a little tune as she and Connie worked, while the boys trotted obediently back and forth with twigs and dry branches. Suddenly Peggy stopped short. "Oh dear, I just remembered the pie. Mother packed it specially in another box, and I left it in the boat."

"I'll get it," Stub dropped an armful of branches and ambled off toward the beach.

"I wish we could let Alphonse get some exercise," Connie spread a tablecloth on the ground. "He flew all around Stub's attic last night. I think he's almost well."

"Better not," advised Cap. "Stub and I went down to the police station after school yesterday. They've run into a blank wall on the holdup case. We might be able to talk them into using Alphonse after all, so we can't afford to. Why, Stub, back so soon?"

Stub had reappeared suddenly and was obviously struggling for words. "I—the boat—the pie—the rope . . ." His voice trailed off.

Peggy sprang to his side. "What is it, Stub?" she asked, tugging at his sleeve.

"The boat!" he panted. "It's gone!"

"Gone!" Cap was off at a gallop for the beach. When the others caught up with him, he pointed to the boat drifting away toward the middle of the lake, then to the rope in his hand. "It didn't float away by itself," he figured. "The knot's still tied and the rope's been cut. Somebody on this island doesn't want us to get away."

The color drained out of Connie's face. "But who?"

Stub pointed to a column of smoke rising behind the trees. "Probably the somebody who's living in the cabin right now."

Cap nodded. "That's the ticket, all right." He turned to Connie. "You and Peg go back to the clearing and wait. Stub and I will investigate and meet you there in about fifteen minutes."

It was considerably more than fifteen minutes when Peggy broke a long silence to voice the fears Connie was trying to quell.

"Something must have happened to them, Connie. We ought to get help from somewhere."

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"But how?" Connie asked through clenched teeth. "We can't light a signal fire... If the boys have been captured, that would only mean we'd be captured, too. And we can't swim to shore—it's too far and too cold." She lapsed into silence again.

Peggy's teeth began to chatter. She rubbed her hand against Alphonse's crate and tried to swallow the lump of fear in her throat.

"We're sunk, Alphonse," she whispered. "You wouldn't have any bright ideas for us, would you?" She pretended to listen for an answer; then her lips quivered. "No, I figured you wouldn't. Just thought I'd ask."

Another five minutes passed. Peggy scrambled to her feet.

"Connie, I'm not going to sit here another minute. The boys are in trouble. I'm sure of it. We've got to do something to rescue them." She shook Connie's shoulder roughly. "Please, Connie, come out of the trance. Yoga isn't going to help."

"No, it isn't. But something else can." Connie came to life with a start. "Listen, Peg, we've got one chance, one in a million. I've been trying to decide the best way to work it and..."

"What was that?" Peggy gripped Connie's arm convulsively.

"That crackle? I heard it, too." Connie jumped up, then heaved a huge sigh of relief. "The gruesome twosome," she breathed, pointing to Cap and Stub who were just emerging from the other side of the clearing. "Am I ever glad to see them!"

"Just wait'll you hear what happened." Cap sank to the ground beside Connie.

"There's a man living in the cabin." Stub's face was scarlet with excitement. "A desperate-looking character with a scar on his face, and a gun, and a suitcase full of money. We managed to get close enough to see him through a window. He was stuffing the money into the case just as fast as he could."

Peggy's face paled. "The robber!" she gulped.

"Yup." Cap grinned triumphantly. "And we've got him right where we want him now. He can't escape."

"We found his boat moored on the other side of the island," Stub put in proudly, "and we cut it loose."

"Well, isn't that cozy!" retorted Connie. "So now we're stuck on a deserted island with a criminal-

at-large, and we can't do a thing about it."

"And how are we going to escape?" demanded Peggy. "Why didn't one of you take the boat and row in for help?"

"There wasn't time, Peg." A worried frown crept in between Cap's eyes. "He'd have seen us and shot at us. And we had to do something to keep him from getting away." He got up nervously, walked over to the lunch basket. "We'd better eat something anyway," he said miserably, passing out sandwiches. "You can't think very well on an empty stomach. And we've got to think fast."

All four chewed unhappily on their sandwiches.

"Listen, gang," Connie said at last, glancing down at Alphonse. "There's one thing we can do, if you want to risk it. I was just about to tell Peggy about it when you boys came back." She raised her eyes and looked straight at Cap. "Suppose you were stranded on an island with nothing but a carrier pigeon. What would you do?"

Cap was about to take a bite of sandwich. His hand stopped in mid-air. "You mean—send Alphonse for help?"

Connie bowed her head. "Exactly." She lifted the pigeon out of his box and he flapped his wings obligingly. "His wing is practically all right again. He might make it. If he does, fine. If he doesn't—well, we can't be any more desperate than we are right now."

"Wait a sec." Stub pulled thoughtfully on his ear. "If he makes it, he'll go straight to the robber's accomplice. And what good will that do us?"

"I thought of that, too," Connie admitted, "but it's a chance we'll have to take. That is, unless any of you can dream up something more practical."

"I think we ought to do as Connie says," urged Peggy, after a moment.

"Me, too," voted Cap.

"Aye, aye," echoed Stub.

"Then it's unanimous." Connie rustled around in her pocket and came up with a lipstick and a piece of paper. "Come to Haven Island with help," she scrawled in big red letters. "That says enough without being too specific, I guess." Then, ripping a strip off her handkerchief, she folded the message up inside, and tied it to the pigeon's leg with another, narrower strip. "We'd better launch Alphonse from the

beach," she decided, stroking the pigeon tenderly, "and then just pray like crazy."

Cap divided up the rest of the sandwiches. "We'd better take these with us." He turned to Stub. "I'll go back to the cabin with Connie. You and Peggy give Alphonse the proper send-off; then stay on the beach and wait for the police. At least, I hope it will be the police. Connie and I'll try to keep the robber occupied at the cabin somehow until they get here. If they ever do," he finished lamely.

Keeping the robber occupied was a tough and dangerous assignment, Connie discovered as she and Cap conferred for the third time in the bushes behind the cabin. Their first project had been one in which they'd divided forces. Connie had stood on one side of the cabin, Cap on the other. Every time the robber had headed in one direction, the person on the other side had made a slight noise to divert him. It had worked smoothly until the robber had shot at Cap. Luckily he'd missed, but Connie had felt her hair turning from red to gray before she'd learned that Cap was all right.

Then the robber had raced to the water's edge, and for a while it looked as if he were going to try to swim to shore. But he'd thought better of it, and returned to the cabin, his gun still in his hand. He was now planted outside the door, his face dark with anger.

"Look at this, Connie." Cap opened his hand. A large iron key rested on his palm. "I got it while he was down at the lake," Cap whispered excitedly. "When he goes inside, we can lock him in."

"He'll shoot the lock off, Cap. Locking him in won't do any good unless we get the gun."

"Yeah, that's right." The eagerness faded out of Cap's face. Suddenly he stiffened. "He just went inside, I think. I heard the door slam. You stay here. I'm going to take a look through that little round window on the side."

Before Connie could object, Cap was back, his eyes shining. "What luck!" he hissed in Connie's ear. "The gun's on a table under the window, and he's so busy trying to patch up an old rubber tire, I bet I could reach in and grab it."

"What's he doing with a rubber tire?" Connie gazed at Cap anxiously. "Do you suppose he's going to use it to swim ashore?"

"That's what he thinks, I guess," Cap smiled wisely. "But

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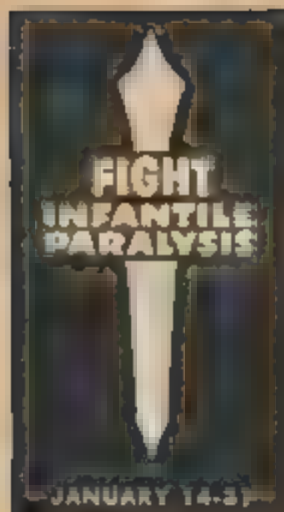
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I've got other ideas. I'm going to get that gun. You take the key and crawl to the front of the cabin. Watch me around the corner. When you see me lift out the gun, you make a dive for the door and lock it."

YOUR PEN IN HAND

(Continued from page 4)

for that cheerful cover . . . As every issue arrived it was read, discussed, built up, and eventually torn to little pieces until everyone knew almost every article, advertisement, and piece of advice in it.

Your articles are very good, except in some parts. I have often turned the page over after reading a question or two from "Let's Talk Things Over." When the girls in our class discussed it we decided that it really didn't help you much. It seemed to "beat around the bush" not answering directly as we hoped it would. The serials are fine, but please don't have them run so long, as the story begins to get tiring. . . . Your jive-talk articles strike me as strictly solid. Give me more and more.

Now I'd like to dip into your fashion department with the note that if we buy a fashion advertised and approved by CAG, we say so, and a dress means more to me if that label says "Approved by CAG." Sometimes I can spend a good ten minutes just looking at some of your date bait and wishing I could buy it all.

Say! Your good looks department sure knows what it's talking about. Your hair and skin care advice should be read and followed by every girl in America.

M. E. F., Sacramento, Calif.

And yet . . .

I give praises to Nancy Pepper for concocting fashions that we teen-agers love. Praises to Alice Barr Grayson for the good, sound, wholesome advice she gives. Praises, too, to Louise Carlisle. I've tried her advice and am deeply grateful.

C. B., Cold Spring, Minn.

Going to school in Australia . . .

Here in Queensland a child commences school at the age of five years. . . .

There are many schools and colleges in Queensland and one university. Most of the colleges have navy uniforms, navy pinafores, white blouses, or navy frocks, and white panama hat lined with navy for summer and navy felt hat for winter. High schools usually have brown pinafores and white blouses, brown shoes and stockings. The uniforms look very attractive. Every school has a library and all have sports . . .

B. C., Queensland, Australia

Here's how one of our girls worked it . . .

My job is rather unusual as I am a feminine substitute for a milkman.

My father owns a dairy farm here in Hollywood, Florida. As is the situation everywhere, help is very hard to get here. Therefore as school drew to a close and I began to make plans for my summer vacation, I conceived the idea of helping him out by taking over a milk route in a near-by city, for he was having a hard time locating a man for the job. It was quite a task talking him into letting me make a try at it, for a woman, or rather a girl of fifteen, running a milk route was an unheard of thing. Finally, with his permission, I learned to drive and obtained a driver's license. The last several week ends before the close of school I spent in learning the route and by the end of May I took it over all by myself.

After working as a driver for several weeks I made the arrangements and bought the route from my father, thus becoming a bob-tailer. I now buy my milk and rent a truck from my father as well as paying for all my gas and oil. All over and above this amount I keep as clear profit and at the end of the summer I added my earnings to my postal savings account which is my college fund . . .

The delivery truck I rent from my Dad, and my friends have dubbed it "The Limousine." Speaking of my pals, they are one and all ready and willing to help me in any way possible. They have done everything so far from helping me deliver, house to house, through sweeping out the truck when I'm through, down to even washing the windows.

We are on daylight delivery and can't start until the sun is high in the sky—so no early hours. Also we deliver E.O.D. (every other day), thus giving me every other day off. I have about forty house-to-house customers most of the time. I also have one wholesale stop which is a filling station. I put off around twenty bottles there E.O.D. which amounts to almost \$1.50. . . .

Though this may seem a strange occupation for a girl, I have found it deeply interesting and also very pleasant to meet and talk to the people I come in contact with daily. I never enjoyed myself quite so thoroughly before.

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*Grand Rapids, Mich.....	Pittsfield, Mass.....England Brothers	*Zanesville, Ohio.....
Harppolheimer Co.	Pontiac, Mich.....Waite's, Inc.	H. Weber Sons & Co.
Great Falls, Mont.....Strain Brothers		
*Green Bay, Wisc.....H. C. Prange Co.		
Greensburg, Pa.....The Bon Ton		

*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

If your city is not listed here, write name of store to Fashion Department,
CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



*A Gift of Beauty
to Thrill her*

You're sure of success when you give a

Stadium Girl

\$1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

Six becoming lipstick shades:

Cherry Red - - - (medium light)
Sunset Pink - - - (medium)
Orchid
Tropic - - - - - (medium dark)
Ruby - - - - - (dark)
Burgundy - - - - - (very dark)

Contains lovely, monogrammed plastic compact over
four inches in diameter . . . and smart lipstick in an alluring
shade that stays on and on and on . . .

A treasured gift to capture her fancy. . . How impressive is the
gay, colorful gift box! And what excitement there is as she
opens it and finds inside a graceful Stadium Girl plastic compact,
personalized with her own initials or first name on the cover in
gold — and a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick in one of the
season's most fascinating shades! . . . Stadium Girl — long
worn on many lovely lips — now has a smoother-than-
ever texture. Attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-up con-
tainer. . . Be remembered for your thoughtful gift.
Give a Stadium Girl Gift Box. Order enough
boxes to take care of your gift list, by coupon
below. Only one dollar each (tax and
postage included) — your choice of popular lipstick
shade and compact color. (No C.O.D.'s please!)

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 716
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing \$1.00 for each box (in Canada
\$1.20), which includes tax and postage in full, or
a total of \$_____ for _____ Stadium Girl
Gift Boxes. I have indicated the compact color
and lipstick shade at the right. The letters that I
want stamped in gold are clearly printed below.

☐ ☐ ☐ _____
First Second Third or First Name (PRINT)
Initial Initial Initial

Attach list of first names or initials and color selections
for additional boxes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My choice of color
for my compact is:

☐ Red
☐ Pink
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

★

My choice of lipstick
shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Orchid
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl
Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium
Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.

REMINDER: The Stadium Girl Gift Box is appreciated for
birthdays and other gift occasions — and any day, it's
a thrilling gift for yourself!

Boys reach for stars...



Are you a bright and shining one?



Do you have that dreamy glow?

Nothing ties a guy's heart up in "gay ribbons like a lovely complexion. So help yourself to angel-smooth skin—wash your face faithfully with Swan. It's pure as fine castles. Gets you baby-fresh.



Does everything about you twinkle?

You've gotta be perky as well as pretty these days. That means the frou-frou on your dream-blouse should stand up and sing. Keep all your frills pert as you with Swan's mild-as-May suds.



Are you heavenly up close... as from afar?

Cinching the *second* date is easier when you have confidence. You'll be lovely if you feel lovely. So let Swan's dreamy-mild lather help keep you dewy-fresh. And the boys are sure to come back!



Do you come down to earth at just the right moment?

You can't be out-of-this-world all the time. So help Mother with the dishes—dive into 'em with a grin and with Swan. You'll be through in a jiffy with this fast sudser. Swan'll pamper your hands, too!



TUNE IN: The Joan Davis Show, featuring Andy Russell, CBS, Monday Nights.

Look, gals! Uncle Sam says: "DON'T WASTE SOAP—It's made from vital materials."

Swan is sweet to your complexion—and it's baby-mild for everything!